GOD'S DYNAMITE

P. H. J. LERRIGO

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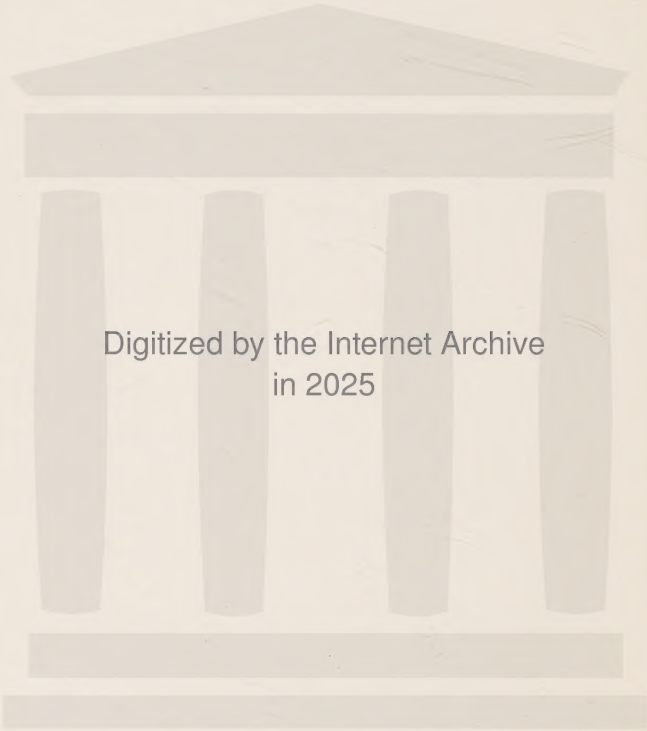
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GOD'S DYNAMITE

or

Changing a World by Prayer

By P. H. J. LERRIGO

Author of
"The Stature of a Perfect Man," "Rock Breakers," etc.

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A Mission Study Book for
Adults and Young People

Edited by
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FOREWORD

God puts his dynamite into every Christian heart. It generates prayer—the prayer of faith which conquers kingdoms, obtains promises, shuts the mouths of lions, quenches the power of fire, escapes the edge of the sword, wins strength from weakness, proves valiant in warfare, puts to flight the host of the enemy.

The face of the world has been changed by God's pioneers through prayer. These pages attempt to show in brief compass the part which prayer has played in the lives of our missionaries and the development of our fields abroad. The story of one station from each country is told together with the events leading to its occupation.

The story is not complete. Only a few of the high prayer lights could be presented, but they are sufficient to show that the power which has transformed peoples is God's dynamite—the prayers of men and women whose lives are yielded to God.

The greatest problem of foreign missions today lies in the homeland. It may be stated in the question: Will the spiritual life of the churches at home continue to develop in such fashion as to support the weight of the

great structure abroad? An army of the young people of our churches are saying: We are ready to go. Will those who stay give themselves to the task of world redemption in the same spirit of deep devotion? The answer is found in prayer—prayer which will lead to service and sacrifice.

Prayer is a high explosive. It rends the rocks in pieces, but it also liberates great constructive energies. Prayer is devotion and desire of such a genuineness and energy as to result in action. If we pray truly, we shall act fearlessly.

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I

COMMODORE PERRY BEGINS A GREAT WORK

A TALE OF THE JAPANESE INLAND SEA

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER I

Commodore Perry begins with prayer.
Prayer provides a Gospel Ship for the Inland Sea.
The Gospel Ship has a godless crew.
The Captain prays them into the kingdom.
3,850 islands wait for the Gospel Ship.
The Captain's program is hard work and prayer.
The progress of a praying pilgrim.
Kida Etaro sails to glory.
The gallant Captain casts anchor.
Praying for a new Captain.
The Gospel Ship sails on.
Power in the engine-room and power in the cabin.

COMMODORE PERRY BEGINS A GREAT WORK

A Tale of the Japanese Inland Sea

The Susquehanna in Yeddo Bay

The sweet stirring notes of the bugle sounded the call to prayer over the white decks of the Susquehanna as she lay in the harbor of Yeddo Bay Sunday morning, July 10, 1853. The little table in the saloon was spread with an American flag, and upon it lay the ship's Bible.

"Well, Doctor," said Commodore Perry to his interpreter Doctor Williams, "you have had your wish and have talked face to face with the dignitaries of this ancient empire."

"Commodore, I have looked forward to the day for more than sixteen years," replied his grave-faced companion. "For over two hundred years this land has been closed to Christianity. While I was ashore I saw one of the weather-beaten sign-boards which threaten every Christian with death."

"I don't know what we should have done without you, Doctor. Of all the languages I have ever heard Japanese seems the most incomprehensible. How did you ever learn it?"

"It is a remarkable story. Years ago a little Japanese boat was driven by the storms far across the ocean. It was wrecked on the coast of Oregon. The sailors were captured by the Indians. They finally made their way to China, and it was they who gave me my first knowledge of the Japanese tongue."

"Is this the first effort you have made to get past the closed doors of the hermit nation?"

"No, Commodore. Once before we made the attempt. A company of American merchants fitted out a trading ship in Shanghai in 1837. They brought my Japanese protégés, a fellow missionary, and myself into this very harbor, but we were not permitted to land."

"What did you do?"

"We returned to China, and I have continued the study of the language and have even succeeded in translating the Gospel of Matthew into Japanese."

"Let us hope, Doctor, that this time you will be more successful. Come, the lads are assembled for service. The band is playing, and the Chaplain is about to begin."

As the Commodore finished speaking the voices of the American sailors rang out in the solemn words of the old hymn.

> Before Jehovah's awful throne,
> Ye nations bow with solemn joy.

Initial Contacts

As Commodore, Missionary, Chaplain, and seamen joined in the prayer which followed, probably no single one of them recognized the significance of that hour or foresaw the complete answer which was to be given to the prayer for the opening of the hermit land.

President Fillmore's letter to the Emperor of Japan had been delivered, the initial contact had been made, and the outcome was in the hands of God. A potent factor in the case, however, was that a little band of women had been meeting regularly in Brookline, Mass.,

for forty years to pray that Japan might be opened to the gospel.

The prayer was answered, and in 1858 Townsend Harris, the first U. S. Consul to Japan, secured the treaty which permitted missionaries to live in the four open ports. The story of the Christian pioneers to Japan is full of romance. Doctors Brown, Hepburn, and Verbeck did wonderful things in translating the Bible into Japanese, in opening schools and founding colleges, in directing the thoughts of the leaders of Japan to the best in Western learning and in organizing commissions for the study of Western methods. They were followed by a host of earnest and devoted men and women who established work in most of the great centers of population.

An Island Empire

But still the remote country districts remained unevangelized. The beautiful Inland Sea into which the Commodore had led the way was dotted with a thousand charming islands, in few of which was there any knowledge of Christ, while curving southwest from Japan to Formosa was an archipelago of little islands known as Liuchiu. The latter had not escaped the Commodore's attention. He writes of them:

"I have never seen people more to be pitied than these Liuchiu islanders, crushed as they have been between two foreign despotisms."

They were said to fear the Chinese, to hate the Japanese, and to grovel before the local rulers.

It was the people of these innumerable islands, both the Liuchiu group and those of the Inland Sea, who awakened the interest and pity of Captain Luke Bickel

and finally led him to devote his life to the effort for their redemption.

A Gospel Ship with a Pirate Crew

Stevenson's romances of the southern seas hold nothing more fascinating than the career of the seafaring man of God. Long John Silver, Israel Hands, and the rest of the pirate crew were hardly more picturesque and godless than the motley group of rough Japanese sailors who first shipped with the Captain in the little white ship Fukuin Maru. It is clear that they could not possibly have known the nature of the voyage for which they were shipping. They had been picked up about the docks of Yokohama and came aboard, foul outwardly with their filthy garments, and inwardly with bad language and drink.

Picture the first voyage of the Gospel Ship as it sails away on its message of light among the islands manned by a crew of blaspheming gamblers. There was something singular about this boat which they could not quite make out. Curses and vituperation they were well accustomed to. But here was a foreign captain, every inch a man, who neither swore nor threatened. That he was a thoroughgoing seaman there could be no doubt. That he demanded and intended to have obedience was perfectly clear. And yet he was kind, gentle, and considerate. Perhaps his prayers to his God and the book from which he constantly read had something to do with it.

The Captain Prays for the Crew

It was a pretty hard life they led the Captain for a time. How could the message meet with success in the villages while the crew of the Gospel Ship hindered the

work by drunkenness and rioting? But Captain Bickel knew where to go for help in such an emergency.

The little White Ship started on her maiden voyage in 1899. The first months were anxious ones, and then the miracle of God's grace began. These water-rats from the purlieus of Yokohama could not live in daily contact with the man of God without feeling his power. One by one they were converted until the entire crew came to know Christ. After their conversion the hindrances which had been thrown in the Captain's way by their thoughtless words and acts ceased, but he was hardly prepared for what actually happened a little later.

One night when the Gospel Ship was in port Captain Bickel returned unexpectedly from an inland journey. It had been a trying trip, and he was very tired. Moreover, he feared there could be no meeting that night, for the evangelist was away. As he made his way toward the wharf he was surprised to find placards posted here and there announcing that a Christian meeting would be held that night.

Arriving at the wharf he called one of the crew.

"Hey, my lad," he said, "why have the posters been put up all over town? We can't have a meeting tonight."

"Oh yes, Captain," was the reply, "all the arrangements have been made."

"But the evangelist is away, and there is no one to preach."

"Two of the sailors are going to preach," came the answer.

"How can they when they have no place for a meeting?"

Again the response was ready: "They have hired a

house, and everything is arranged." It was with a glad heart that the Captain made his way to the place appointed for the meeting and there heard these simple sailormen telling the story of the Redeemer for the first time.

Where the Gospel Ship Spreads Her Wings

A singular beauty broods over the Inland Sea. The blue, translucent water sparkles under the rays of the summer sun. On every side rise the shores of verdure-clad islands, their wooded summits crowned with temple or monastery. Terraced gardens cover the hillsides often to the water's edge. The rippling surface of the inter-island channels is furrowed by the wake of many a lateen-sailed boat. The panorama changes moment by moment, new channels appear, island blends into island as contours dissolve and skylines alter. Fishing villages dot the shores, and the smoke of larger settlements is seen. "The honorable Fuji" rises glorious above all, for it is a clear day, and the symmetrical cone of snow shines calm and peaceful in the cloud-flecked sky. The four largest islands of the Japanese Archipelago are Honshu, Kinshu, Shikoku, and Yeyu, but it includes about 3,850 islands, large and small, stretching northward and eastward over twenty degrees of latitude. This was the field upon which the little white Gospel Ship Fukuin Maru entered. The vessel was the gift of Mr. R. S. Allen in memory of his mother.

Hard Work and Prayer

Captain Bickel was not afraid of hard work, and he believed in mixing it with prayer. "If hard work,

earnest prayer, and a strong faith in God can accomplish anything," he wrote, "it shall be accomplished as God gives me strength for the undertaking; for the work and the prayer I am willing and anxious to give, and faith in God and his abundant mercy fills my heart to overflowing."

Captain Bickel's faith in God was demonstrated by his determination to work night and day for ten years without looking for visible results if need be. But the results came long before the end of the period he had set. Following the conversion of the crew came victory after victory in the island villages. In 1905 he was able to write of the work of the evangelists who were already preaching at the centers and itinerating in twenty outstations.

A Prayer Three Years Long

Men came out boldly for Christ. The story of one of them is told by Captain Bickel in vivid narrative form:

A teacher, 13 years the honored principal of a local school, believed. He had believed for three years or more—but! He would lose his position if he came out. Three years we prayed, then he came out for baptism. His mother threatened suicide to escape the disgrace. His wife refused to cook for him. His child came running home from school: "Mother, the children say that father has gone crazy. Is it true?" Still he stood firm. We being of sailor breed, called on our good brother, Rev. F. C. Briggs, to administer the ordinance. This he did with all the grace that he has put into many another service rendered for us during this year and which makes him doubly "Brother." Thirty school-teachers gathered on the deck of the Fukuin Maru to hear earnest addresses before the baptism which was held on the beach under the towering mountains a stone's throw from this man's island home. The baptism over, he promptly lost his

position. Should we help him? We decided we dare not till he had helped himself. He looked for work. All doors were closed on him. The weeks went by. The trial was sore. Some jeered; some, especially the relatives, abused roundly; would he stand the test? Some said that he was paid, and well paid, by the "Jesus people." He and we knew better. Then one day the tide turned, the jeering stopped, for the former principal appeared with a pack on his back selling papers, pencils, and the like, and was once more an honored man. He had stood the test. It was enough. He is now to have a new pack, one filled with Bibles, and later on we hope to see him an evangelist.

The Progress of a Praying Pilgrim

The thoroughness of the work done by Captain Bickel's evangelists is indicated by the report of the work of Ode, a humble Christian who had formerly been a rickshaw coolie but who gave himself to the work of God. It was said of him that he preached and prayed unceasingly. On three islands of 22,000, 8,000, and 20,000 he preached the gospel in every house, and also preached to over 8,000 on a fourth island. Captain Bickel used to call him affectionately "Old Pilgrim's Progress."

Sometimes there is heavy weather on the Inland Sea. Treacherous currents are to be met. Combinations of wind and tide are found which try the soul of the stoutest mariner, and there break at times over the land-locked water tempests of a suddenness and fury which make the Captain long for deep water and a free sea ahead.

Heavy Weather and the Skipper's Prayer

The captain was a master story-teller. Let him tell the story of the squall which carried Kida Etaro to glory:

The Mission Ship had started bright and early that day. Wind there was none, and none was expected. We crept along through the narrow channels, partly sailing, partly towing the vessel with our launch, when suddenly, down came a snow-squall off the high hills, and then a lull, then another squall, with the weight of which we shot out into the open, picking up the launch as we passed and then towing her in turn. Squall followed squall. Reef after reef was taken. The hills and rocks were wiped out of sight by the snow as it drove and swirled. An hour more, and we were in sore plight, sea steadily rising, wind steadily increasing. The launch towing astern was every moment more seriously endangered. To hoist her on board is impossible. We watch anxiously the sailor lad who sits in her, steering, and try to encourage him and ourselves by an occasional word of good cheer. Five minutes more, and we shall be under shelter! We shout and point to the dimly seen line of hills under which we hope to round up in safety. Just then with the onrush of a heavy "fourth sea" the launch gives an ominous yaw, and snap goes one of the stout tow-ropes. If the other rope snaps the launch and man both are lost. We know that, so does he. He with all a sailor's pluck goes to refasten the broken tow-rope, when with a sudden heave he is thrown bodily overboard. Rocks on either side make "bringing the ship to" all but impossible. The attempt is made despite the danger, and a boat gets away with much difficulty. For three long weary hours in the heavy sea we search for our shipmate, but to no purpose. Stiff with cold, drenched with spray and driving sleet, it was a sorry company that knelt around the skylight in the falling snow, with bared heads, to commit their comrade to God. There were no dry eyes there, not even those of the case-hardened skipper. Then after a brief struggle with wind and wave our vessel was brought into safety and a three days' search for the body of our friend began, only to end in failure. It is a long story, that of the search, and the breaking of the news to the widowed wife and old father by one of the men, who, in true sailor fashion, went bravely to his task, then broke down like a child and from that very fact did it all the better. Enough of this!

The man? Who was he? A lad named Kida Etaro from Sanuki Province, on the main south island. He joined the ship at the beginning, and with the rest led an evil life; gambled, drank, squandered, thieved, lied, and what not! The "Mission Ship" was in bad grace, or rather disgrace. The missionary skipper had a sore heart. Some sneered, some blamed, some few who understood, pitied, while the men, with Oriental assurance, thinking he knew nothing of their evil ways, took him for an easy dupe. The skipper prayed, and waited, and prayed again.

A change came. Kida Etaro changed. Others seemed to change too, but this man certainly did. He first, then others asked for baptism. We felt the need of caution, and put them off, but finally consented that he, at least, should be baptized; yet now it was too late, he had gone, gone home, yes, home! His example was to have helped the others, so planned the skipper; and now—he was gone! The skipper's heart was sore. So when Old Glory, half-mast high, frayed in the gale that day, what wonder he replied, "Let it fray, bo'sun, for it suits our mood."

A Living Bible

Will Captain Bickel ever be forgotten on the Inland Sea? I think not. And the reason is easy to discern. He lived Christ. Read the conversation between the Captain and one of his crew, a recent convert.

"My lad, there is a man ashore to whom I want you to take this Bible. You know him. Will you take it?"

"No, no, Captain. He does not need that."

"But why not, lad?"

"It is too soon, Captain. That is your Bible, and thank God it is mine too now, but it is not his Bible."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why just this. He has another Bible. You are his Bible. He is watching you. As you fail, Christ fails. As you live Christ, so Christ is revealed to him."

But Captain Bickel did not fail. Christ lived and

walked in him as he took that long, rapid, tireless stride over the hills on many an itinerating tour. Fifty thousand people were preached to regularly. Three thousand five hundred were enrolled in 52 Sunday schools. Church-members were found in 65 towns, and Christianity was recognized in 400 and more settlements.

The Gallant Captain Casts Anchor

Old Glory was frayed at the masthead with the winds of many a gale, and eighteen years of praying, sailing, and preaching had frayed the body and spirit of the gallant Captain until in 1917 he cast anchor within the veil. The little White Ship was bereaved, and all the Inland Sea mourned with it. It was a different Fukuin Maru from that which had been launched in 1899. A larger, speedier vessel had replaced the ship of earlier days. It had powerful engines and twice the speed; and the latter years of Captain Bickel's work were rendered easier thereby, but the Captain's work was now done. The daring spirit which piloted the vessel on uncharted ways was gone, and the new Gospel Ship awaited some other guiding hand.

The Prayer of Cherry Blossom and Kiku

Many hearts mourned for the great-hearted Captain and the white-winged messenger of Peace upon Japan's myriad islands. Every day for ten months two little tots, the one three and the other four, toddled down to the sandy beach on the island of Tononiu.

Mother might have been seen behind them, a blue-eyed Scotch mother; and father too, with the deep dark eyes of Japan.

"Mother, where is the little White Ship that says dub-dub, dub-dub?" inquires the little one.

"I don't know, lassie. But you look just as hard as you can, and perhaps you will see it come."

"But I've looked a long time, mother, and it does not come. I want to see the tall, kind Captain."

The mother turns to the careworn father. They are sick at heart, these two lonely Christians in a pagan village.

"When do you think it will come, husband? The persecution is bitter. They hate Yaso in the village."

"We have been looking for it a long time, wife. They say Christianity is beaten here. How I wish I could feel the Captain's handclasp."

"Pray again, Fumiko (Cherry Blossom). Pray, Kiku," said the mother, turning to the little ones. And kneeling together upon the beach they turn their baby faces to the blue sky and pray that the dub-dub ship might come back.

"Look, Father, look, children," cries the mother as they rise from their knees. "She has just rounded the point. The White-winged Gospel Ship is coming back."

The Gospel Ship Sails On

Yes, the Fukuin Maru still sails the Inland Sea. Captain Bickel no longer paces the deck, but his work goes on. For several years other members of the mission staff took the vessel out. Rev. F. C. Briggs, Rev. F. W. Steadman, Rev. J. A. Foote took their turns at the work. Unfamiliar as they were with the sea, it was only at the price of great hardship and even peril that they were able to go on with the work, and it became clear that a real

seaman was needed. But where to find such another combination of practical seamanship and Christian faith as was found in Captain Bickel was a well-nigh insoluble problem. Had God ever made such another man? If so how was he to be found? For several years the problem seemed without solution.

A World-girdling Prayer

But God had such a man, and he was discovered in answer to prayer. Thousands of earnest souls joined little Fumiko and Kiku along the shores of the Inland Sea. Thousands of friends in America offered up their own petitions. Many and many a time the members of the Board of Managers of the Foreign Mission Society bowed their heads in united prayer and asked God to point out to them the man whom he had chosen to be captain of the Fukuin Maru.

How God Answered

God had started to answer more than two decades before, and the answer takes one to a distant province in China near the borders of Tibet. It is a night of horror and darkness; dreadful deeds are being done under the cover of the shadows. The Boxer troops have descended upon the town. Bloodshed is rife on every hand. Powerless longer to defend the little band of Christians, the missionary family flees. Down the river in a house-boat, they make their way in the darkness. The father keeps watch the whole night through to insure the safety of the wife and little ones. The boatmen are in league with the brigands and plan to betray the fugitives to their enemies. But somehow God protects his own.

The currents of the river run swiftly. The pale dawn breaks, the shadows lift, and morning finds the house-boat of the Laughton family far below the stricken city. God cares for them, and they reach the coast in safety. But a vast regret fills the heart of that father as he thinks upon the little scattered flock on the borders of closed Tibet and the work of years largely undone. They meet for family prayers while awaiting a steamship in Shanghai.

Family Prayers at Shanghai

"Lads," says the father, "we are going back to the homeland. But don't forget the need of the Far East. One of you may help to meet that need some day."

"Father, what does China need most?" inquires little James.

The father's reply is singular. Hardly what one would expect, and yet based upon long experience in China, and perhaps intended by God to form a link in the chain of his purpose.

"China needs men of God of all kinds, but among others it needs trained engineers."

Young James treasured the word and years later under the influence of his uncle who was a sea-captain he began to prepare himself as a marine engineer. It was a grilling course, including hard practical work as well as abstruse mathematical calculations. Year after year, he buckled down to the task with the canny Scotch firm of Cairn & Co., Glasgow, who counted it no kindness to be unduly soft with their apprentices.

Finally he secured his first papers and spent a year on H. M. S. Colossus.

FUKUIN MARU IN BREAKWATER AT AGENASHO, JAPAN

A Sky Pilot as Well as a Sea Pilot

The Great War came on, and young Laughton gained much of his early experience in taking the smaller war vessels on trial cruises about the rough and stormy coasts of Scotland. But he had the instincts of a sky pilot as well as a sea pilot, and every visit to Glasgow and Greenock found him at work in the rescue missions of the slum districts. God was training him for the Inland Sea. Missionary Topping of Japan was the messenger whom God used to extend the call, and as Captain and Mrs. Laughton (for he had taken to himself a wife of God's own providing) reviewed the events of their past lives and the needs of the vast field and blue inland waters of Japan made vacant by the death of Captain Bickel they came to the reverent conclusion that God had been preparing them for this day and guiding them toward it through the years.

The new Captain of the new Fukuin Maru has the pioneer spirit of his parents and a fine knowledge of human nature, as well as thorough technical training and a spirit on fire with the love of God. His wife is quiet and cool-headed, a fit companion for the Skipper of the Gospel Ship.

The New Captain Begins His Work

Captain Laughton began his work on the Inland Sea May 1, 1922. During the first seven and one-half months the Gospel Ship sailed over 1,073 knots or 1,207 land miles; 8,034 people attended the meetings; 4,500 visited the ship, including officials, navigation students, and people of the islands. Fishing-boats and other vessels

were visited, 2,000 children were entertained on board the vessel, 20,000 gospel tracts, cards, and pamphlets were distributed, and ten persons were baptized. Not a small beginning in so brief a time.

Prayer the Driving Power

During the past three years the work has gone forward with ever-widening influence. Prayer has been its driving power. Captain Bickel prayed nine years for the conversion of Watanabe San, the postmaster at Miyanoura, and the latter has become a pillar of strength to the work.

Captain Laughton has gained access to the government navigation schools and often has the pleasure of addressing the students on Christian themes. Here are some of his characteristic subjects; "The Compass of Life," "The Good Pilot," "A Clean Ship." Special difficulty had been encountered in entering a certain one of the schools. The Commander was opposed to Christianity. On a recent visit to Miyanoura where the school is located, a group of young men boarded the Fukuin Maru. They proved to be students from the School of Navigation.

Following his usual custom Captain Laughton showed them the ship and navigation instruments and finally led them in a brief gospel service in the ship's chapel. The young men thoroughly enjoyed their visit and invited the Captain to come to their school, stating that if the Commander refused them permission to come to the Gospel Ship they would strike. Captain Laughton's next visit to the school, on which he was accompanied by Doctor Axling, resulted in a big gospel meeting in the institution, and some of the lads have already expressed their desire to follow Christ.

The Mantle of Bickel's Power

The mantle of Captain Bickel's power with men seems to have descended upon his successor, Captain Laughton, Many are the strong men and women through the island domain whom he is leading to Christ. Let his own words relate the story of the doctor at Teshima:

On the island of Teshima lives a young doctor, his wife, and two children. He was educated in one of the big medical schools in Japan, and has had much experience. Because of his earnestness and devotion, we always receive a loyal and kind reception from the people of the island. On my last visit he came on board with his usual smiling face and asked me to come and take a walk with him. We hurriedly jumped into the ship's boat and made for the shore. When we landed I could not help noticing the great respect everybody had for this Christian doctor. We walked up the village street, and as we approached the foot of the mountain at whose base the village stands, he stood for a moment and pointed to a sloping piece of land and said, "Please look." What I saw was a group of men and women digging and building a wall of masonry, and I asked him what it was. With a smiling face he answered, "We will go on farther, and then I will tell you." As I stood on that piece of land overlooking the Inland Sea, with the Fukuin Maru in the distance riding quietly at anchor, he turned to me and said, "Here I am building a hospital, over there a Christian church, and over yonder a Christian kindergarten." And then with an earnest searching look he said, "Will you send me a teacher?" I was silent. What could I say, and what could I answer him, knowing that finances are short and workers few. Then he offered his services if I wanted him on any evangelistic trip, saying that he would gladly come to the ship and have free clinics on board, and thus by word and deed make Christ known to these island people. An open door; shall we enter?

Power in the Engine-room and Cabin

Seven new strategical centers have been given our Mariner Missionary in the Inland Sea by the Japanese Government. The officials are watching keenly to see what may be the results of this unusual type of missionary endeavor. The ship encounters many a stormy wintry sea, and its Captain meets many a gale of opposition and difficulty. But there is power in the engine-room, and there is power in the cabin. The Captain and his wife, the officers and crew are looking to the source of all power, and through prayer and supplication the work forges ahead.

A Prayer

Eternal Father, strong to save, look thou with tender love upon those who serve thee on the Gospel Ship. Guard them in times of storm and danger, guide them through tortuous channels and treacherous tides, and multiply their power to bring many souls out of the storms and perils of life into the harbor of thy love. Help us to support them faithfully with prayer and means that thy name may be known among the people of the Inland Sea through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Suggested Questions for Class Discussion of Chapter I

1. What relation had the visit of Perry and the presence of Williams on the Susquehanna to the future of Christian Missions in Japan?
2. Why should there be special provision for the evangelization of the Inland Sea through the Gospel Ship?

3. Why did not Captain Bickel get Christian converts from the missions to man his ship?
4. What were the elements in the life of routine of the ship which gave such wonderful results in the lives of the members of the crew and in the villages visited?
5. Trace the relationship between the experience of the Laughton family and need for a successor to Captain Bickel. Relate similar instances of the way in which God prepares men for special tasks.

II

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S PRAYER AND WHAT CAME OF IT

THE STORY OF THE MISSION AT JARO, P. I.

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER II

President McKinley prays.
God provides the men.
Action follows prayer.
The peasants of the Philippines send a monster petition.
Persecution drives the peasants to a new Calvary.
Prayer brings reenforcements.
Padre Juan, a parish priest, prays and preaches.
Praying for a school.
The boys are ready to work as well as pray.
A praying doctor.
The school becomes a college.
A great host joins with the President in prayer.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S PRAYER AND WHAT CAME OF IT

The Story of the Mission at Jaro, P. I.

President McKinley Prays

When I realized that the Philippine Islands had dropped into our lap, I did not know what to do with them. I paced the floor of the White House night after night, and I am not ashamed to confess to you, gentlemen, that I went down on my knees more than once and prayed Almighty God for light and guidance.

How fully President McKinley's prayer was answered the long years will tell, but certainly the immediate events in the American occupation of the Philippines indicate that not only was he given the light and guidance for which he prayed, but also that God was guiding the Christian churches of America as they seized at once their great opportunity and responsibility.

God's Prevision and Provision

The story of the manner in which Northern Baptists were led into the new field, the doors of which had been so dramatically flung open by Admiral Dewey's entrance into Manila Bay, April, 1898, furnishes another marked illustration of God's prevision and provision in the work of world-wide missions. While the series of events which made entrance into the Philippines possible was transpiring, God was preparing men and tools for the work.

For many years Rev. Eric Lund had been carrying

on missionary work in our behalf in Barcelona, Spain. Although a native of Sweden he had acquired a thorough mastery of the Castilian tongue. Few Spaniards were able to use their own language with the vigor and freedom which he enjoyed in its use, and through the spoken and written word he was carrying on evangelistic endeavors which had their influence not only in the old world but in the new. Wherever Spanish was spoken Doctor Lund's tracts and periodicals found their way and helped to pave the way for the progress of the Kingdom.

Following Prayer by Action

America's action was quick and decisive after the battle of Manila Bay. President McKinley announced his conclusion in the following words:

> There is nothing left for us but to take them and educate the Filipinos, uplift their civilization and Christianize them, and, by God's grace, do the very best we can by them as our fellow men for whom Christ died.

Northern Baptists were among the first to enter the new field. Parts of the Islands of Panay and Negros were assigned to us, and work was begun at once. Stations were opened at Jaro (Iloilo), Bacolod, and Capiz, but this story will deal only with the first. Baptist mission work in the Philippine Islands was established first at Jaro.

The virile and picturesque figure of Señor Braulio Manikan is dominant among the beginnings of our work in the Philippines. During the days of Spanish dominion many Filipinos made their way to the mother country. Señor Manikan was among them. Already the seeds of

evangelical truth had been sown in his heart, but they were lying dormant. In later years he told Mr. C. W. Briggs the story of his first Bible. It was a forbidden book in the Philippines at this time. Indeed a Bible Society colporter who had the temerity to enter Manila some years before the American occupation in order to circulate the Scriptures, was poisoned in the leading Manila hotel by order of the friars.

Manikan Reads a Forbidden Book

This is Manikan's story:

It was in the year 1882, and I was a mere boy of twelve years, living in Manila, where I was studying in a Jesuit school. I was living in the home of my grandfather, and a servant who had lived in that home a long time, but had since been a sailor, returned from a voyage to Europe, and asked me to visit him on board his ship which was then lying in Manila Bay. I eagerly accepted his invitation, and as I was leaving the ship to return he presented me with a book he had brought from Europe, which was no more nor less than a Spanish Bible. He told me it was the greatest book ever printed, and I was very eager to read it; but he warned me not to let any one see it, for it would be seized, and I might be put into prison or killed as a consequence. So I hid the Bible under my hat, and succeeded in reaching my home without being apprehended by the *Guardia Civil*. I kept that book several days, and read parts of it with interest. But soon one of the people who lived in the house went to confession and told the Jesuit priest that I had a Bible, and he came and took it, and I never saw it again.

Manikan completed his study in the Jesuit school and became a priest but found no rest or satisfaction in the life. Flinging religion aside entirely he lapsed into infidelity, and went to Spain to study civil engineering.

God Prepares the Man

It was the singing of the hymns in Doctor Lund's mission at Barcelona which attracted the young Filipino to the meetings. Musical by nature, as are most Filipinos, the gospel songs appealed to him strangely, and he fell thus under the influence of the gospel. God was preparing the man upon the one side of the great waters while he was preparing the events upon the other side.

After receiving baptism Señor Manikan conceived the idea of carrying back the message to his own people, and immediately he and Doctor Lund plunged together into the task of translating into the Visayan tongue, the language of Manikan's childhood, the Gospel of Mark and evangelical tracts.

Meanwhile the Board had come to the independent conclusion that the right place for us to open our work in the Philippine Islands was the central group of the archipelago known as the Visayan Islands. Their thoughts turned at once to Doctor Lund as one who was fitted by long service in Spanish-speaking countries to open the work. A letter was sent inviting him to undertake the task, and much to the surprise and delight of the Board he responded:

"I will certainly do so, and God has already given me the first-fruits among the Visayans, an ex-priest and a man of capacity and promise."

Praying in the Cabin

One may readily picture the earnest expectancy of that long voyage from Spain to the Philippines, the unremitting zeal with which the two friends, natives respectively

of the Occident and the Orient, but united in the love of Christ, pursued their task of translation, and the daily prayer-meetings in the cabin in which they poured out their hearts to God that he would give them abundant entrance into the hearts and homes of Manikan's fellow countrymen.

A Monster Petition

And the answer to their prayers seemed to come right on the heels of their petition, for it was in the year 1900, before they had been located many months at Jaro, the headquarters of the work, that a document was brought to them signed by thirteen thousand of the Philippine peasants asking for evangelical teaching. Doctor Lund's letter of June 15, 1901, tells the story:

> What adds to the tremendous responsibility just now is the desire of the people in this island. On my return from Negros yesterday, I found a list of seventeen couples who were waiting to be married, and a surprising document containing the full names, age, etc., of 7,934 (afterwards increased to 13,000) people with thirty-five headmen or chiefs, who desire to abandon Rome and go over to the Protestant faith. They have also sent word that at the town of Janiway they have materials ready to build their own chapel as soon as we are ready to go there and evangelize.

Jaro and Iloilo are practically twin towns, indeed for a time they were united as one municipality, but afterwards separated. Jaro became the headquarters of the mission, and in the fall of 1900 a little bamboo chapel was built and dedicated, the first Protestant church building to be erected in the islands. In this humble place of worship there gathered to listen to the gospel story groups of men

and women with a wonderful light in their dark eager faces. Barefoot peasants on the way to and from the market would pause to listen to the strains of *Mayuyum nga Manluluwas* which came from the chapel as the worshipers sang in their native tongue the beautiful old hymn, " Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour."

Prayers from the Hills

Toward the close of 1900 Rev. Chas. W. Briggs joined Doctor Lund and began at once to respond to the urgent calls from the hill districts to the north of Jaro whence had come the great petition. His early impressions are full of interest.

> Here [he writes] are millions of people, many of them as bright and shrewd and full of promise as can be found in America, the official estimate ranging from eight to twelve millions. They are clamoring to hear the gospel. They have never heard it, but they have heard of it. If I could preach in either Spanish or Visayan I should have larger audiences than throng any church in America. Calls come in from surrounding towns for the *padre protestante* to come and preach to them. Believe me, there has not been a greater call for Christian workers, nor a more urgent call, nor one that promises a greater Pentecost than the call of the Philippine Islands to America today.

A Martyr Named Mata

Persecution inevitably accompanies early evangelical efforts in any country where Romanism is dominant, and it was not otherwise in the Philippines. Manikan's life was frequently sought. His house was stoned, and he was subjected to many indignities at the hands of those who had been his friends. One of Doctor Lund's interpreters and helpers, Mata, was stabbed to death in a

street meeting in Iloilo. Those who embraced the new faith were ostracized, despised, and threatened with many evils. It was at first impossible for the missionaries to penetrate the country districts in the interior of the island on account of the unsettled conditions following the war, but great numbers of the peasant people came to the services in Jaro and announced their desire to accept the new faith.

Manikan's house became a gathering-place for crowds of eager inquirers. A great market was held in Jaro every Thursday. On Wednesday, Manikan's house would be filled with visitors who remained over night. They brought their rice with them and slept on the floor. Late into the night they would listen to Manikan's expositions and Bible stories. His face shone with joy as he said to Mr. Briggs, " This is the great work of God."

A New Calvary

Returning to their own homes these peasant inquirers soon found that the way of life was to be the way of the cross for them. Many of them were driven from their homes, and they finally solved the problem by withdrawing from the communities in which they had lived and establishing a Protestant village which they appropriately named " Calvario." Their leader was a boyish-looking young Filipino by the name of Zamorra. His brother had been executed in Manila in 1874 for advocating liberal education. Zamorra knew little of the gospel but was eager to learn. A large tract of land was secured and planted on shares; thus the peasant Christians were able to escape from the oppressive peonage system which had hitherto prevailed. A similar

Protestant village was organized in Potatan, and a little later when Mr. Briggs found it possible to begin traveling in the interior, churches sprang up here and there as groups of people were found who gladly received the word.

Prayer Brings Reenforcements

Ill health very soon forced Mr. Briggs to follow Doctor Lund to the homeland, and the early workers were led to pray earnestly for reenforcements. The writer well remembers the day when three new couples joined the staff in 1902, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Forshee, himself and Mrs. Lerrigo. Mr. Finlay and Mr. Huse had been alone in Jaro. The house in which they were living consisted chiefly of a great ballroom with one bedroom and a kitchen in the rear. The sudden influx of such a large group of new recruits was quite embarrassing to the two single missionaries. The ladies at once took over the management of the cuisine. The sleeping problem was a difficult one. It was solved by making the one bedroom into a dormitory for the three missionary wives and transforming the ballroom into a barracks for the men. That first night was a trying one. The hardy and well-developed mosquitoes of the tropics buzzed and bit. A scorpion's nest was discovered. A pig squealed in the backyard. Over the way a love-sick swain enlivened the night with a sentimental but monotonous ditty which he sang to the accompaniment of a guitar far into the wee sma' hours.

Fortunately these conditions did not last long. Mr. and Mrs. Forshee were assigned to Bacolod, the writer and Mrs. Lerrigo later went to open the new station at Capiz,

INTERMEDIATE GARDENING CLASS

where Mr. and Mrs. Robbins joined them ere long. The work in Iloilo province went steadily forward.

The Prayers of a God-taught Priest

Another dramatic element in the preparation of this remarkable field for the reception of the gospel was the preaching of Padre Juan. The latter was a Filipino parish priest who came to the evangelical viewpoint long years before the American occupation of the Philippines, through reading his Latin Bible. He did not hesitate to preach radical anti-Roman doctrine. He traveled among the hill villages of the interior of Panay Island, teaching simply and fearlessly the gospel of Christ as he understood it and praying for the enlightenment of his people.

Even to this day there are a few who recall Padre Juan's preaching. It seems clear that he anticipated that the time would come when the evangelical faith would penetrate the darkness of the Philippines, for he told the simple mountaineers that some day white men would arrive whom they would recognize as teachers of the truth because they would bring God's word for all the people—a prophecy which was singularly fulfilled by the coming of Doctor Lund with the translation of Mark ready to put into their hands.

God Gives Abundant Answer

There can be little doubt that the earnest prayers and service of this faithful priest did much to open the hearts and minds of the people. Through the fastnesses of the mountains he traveled in constant peril of his life, meeting with little groups here and there, ever praying

for the enlightenment of his people. Finally he fell a victim at the hands of the friars, but his prayers are being abundantly answered today.

Praying for a School

Mr. Finlay called attention in the early days to the urgent need for trained workers. "During the year," he writes, "I have visited several of the interior towns, and find a great willingness on the part of the peasant people to join us. One great obstacle in the way of the most successful work has been our necessary dependence in the outfield upon native helpers whose training has been limited." Prayer began at once for a school.

In order to meet the need for trained workers and also to furnish the peasant lads of the interior with an educational opportunity, it was decided to open a school at Jaro. Seventy acres of farm land were purchased not far from the center of Jaro in 1905. There were several old barn-like buildings which were repaired and remodeled into the semblance of a school. Its doors were open to the poorest, and the students were expected to work for their support.

Burma Contributes a Man

It would have been difficult to choose a man better fitted to begin such a task than the Rev. W. O. Valentine who came from the Burma Mission. He had the unusual faculty of being able to elicit the loyalty and affection of the boys while requiring of them thorough work and adequate discipline. His own story of the beginning of the school presents a graphic picture of the situation:

On my assuming charge of the industrial school, the work of building was pushed forward as rapidly as possible and on

October first we opened the school, the boys doing considerable work on the unfinished buildings during the next two months. The month of October was given to emphasizing theoretically and practically certain principles for which the school is to stand. The boys were divided into suitable groups and taught to work. It was not nice work, nor play work; but anything that came to hand, from driving a plane to cleaning a stable or digging a ditch, and there was no discrimination of persons, each in turn taking his due share. They have also been organized and classified for study, in which our two young teachers, Anthony and Geronimo, have proved valuable assistants. Biblical and religious teaching has been emphasized; general educational work has not been given prominence, because we wished first of all to direct the thought and trend of school sentiment along the line of the dignity of labor and of a just pride and pleasure in genuine hard work.

The Boys Are Ready to Work and Pray

The boys have responded most cordially to our plans. One American said, "When I saw in your announcement that all must work, I said to myself that you would get no boys"; another said, "Your idea is all right if you can only get the boys to carry it out." The results have surprised us; the boys have been held daily to their tasks, and we never saw boys work harder. A number of boys from near-by towns and families have expressed a desire for baptism. At the close of our last prayer-meeting several expressed a desire to preach. A prayer-meeting of an hour and a half usually proves too short for all to take part who desire to do so.

Demonstrating Christian Love

The need for medical work was very early apparent, and it proved an exceedingly valuable aid to evangelistic efforts. From the beginning the two have been carried on in close connection. The writer recalls the words of leading men of the city of Jaro who said in reference to the first dispensary work opened at that point,

"We have heard Christian charity spoken of all our lives, but we have never seen it demonstrated before."

The Presbyterians had maintained a hospital at Iloilo since the opening of their work in that city. In 1909 a half interest in the hospital was purchased by our own Board, and Dr. R. C. Thomas was designated to the work, with Dr. J. A. Hall the Presbyterian physician. The work of the hospital is effective and far-reaching. The report for the year 1910 is typical. It records 2,352 patients with 15,115 treatments, and mentions the fact that the hospital was already, to a large degree, self-supporting.

A Praying Doctor

Doctor Thomas was not satisfied, however, to confine his efforts to medical work alone. He considers medicine his avocation and evangelism his vocation. Prayer and communion keep him ever ready for the task. Whether he is teaching his classes of nurses at the training-school, giving out medicine to the students, or riding to and from the hospital in his Ford with some one he has picked up along the road, Doctor Thomas somehow manages to bring the conversation to the subject of religion. Many a person has thought seriously about Christ for the first time because of these friendly talks.

Praying for the Women of the Philippines

The women of the Philippine Islands enjoy a freedom not found in most other Oriental countries. It many respects they are on an equality with men. Their opinions are given freely and meet with much respect. They often carry on business enterprises on their own initiative. The

importance of winning the women of the Philippines to Christ and enlisting their powerful influence for him could not be exaggerated. Earnest prayer was offered that God would open the way for a vigorous work among them.

Miss Anne V. Johnson was the first representative of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society to be sent to the Philippine field, but she has been followed by many others, for this field has received perhaps as large a support proportionately from the Woman's Society as any in which we are working.

A Women's Bible Training School

Miss Johnson began work in an old Spanish building in the city of Jaro where she gathered about her a group of peasant women from the hill districts who were anxious to learn more of the gospel message. The work soon grew into a Woman's Bible Training School which Miss Johnson conducted for many years.

Most of the young women who came to the school had little preliminary training, but they brought a keen intelligence to the study as well as a sterling character, and many returned to their own homes with such a thorough knowledge of the Word of God that they became one of the chief factors in the development of the churches in the hill regions.

In the process of time Miss Johnson was joined by other workers, and the school has taken on a more advanced type of instruction. It now has a full staff of trained teachers including Miss Dorothy Dowell, the Principal, Miss Malliet, and Miss Appel who conducts the music department.

It was found desirable to transfer the Baptist Missionary Training School to La Paz, a section of Iloilo close to the Jaro line where the government has concentrated its school work. Here are the high and normal schools, and more than two thousand young men and women are brought together in these institutions.

A Kindergarten Department has been added to the Training School, the first of its kind in the Philippine Islands. The hearts of the mothers are reached through the little ones, and it is often true that "a little child may lead them" into the knowledge of the truth.

Present-day Results

Miss Fannie J. Holman gives a graphic picture of the results the school is attaining.

> March 14, 1924 [she writes] was graduation day for the Baptist Missionary Training School. Eight girls received diplomas, three English Bible-girls, two Visayan Bible-girls, and three kindergartners. All but two have positions, and these two are coming back to take a year of high school to enable them to do their work that much better.
>
> The graduating program was most fitting. Twenty-eight girls marched in slowly, as Miss Appel played a processional on the organ. Each seemed to realize the privilege and responsibility of preparing to take the message to her people. Miss Suman presented the diplomas, explaining what each had accomplished and what her work was to be. God bless them every one.

Student Centers

The gathering of so many students, both men and women, at central points in the government schools is an opportunity of which the mission has not been slow to take advantage. Dormitories have been established at La

Paz both for young men and young women. They are given a comfortable and sanitary home and are surrounded with Christian influence. The home for young men is known as Dunwoody Dormitory and is conducted by the Baptists and Presbyterians jointly. The Girls' Dormitory is under the care of the representatives of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

A striking story comes to us of the power which the atmosphere of prayer pervading these dormitories is exercising over the lives of the young people who enter them. Miss Martien writes:

> A few who have come to our girls' dormitory have found the atmosphere uncongenial and have left. All others have confessed Christ, but many are not permitted to be baptized. Many of these are doing personal work among their friends. More than one girl has said with joy in her face, "That student who confessed Christ today is the one I have been working and praying for." The recent conversion of one girl known to be a very zealous Catholic has stirred up great interest among her classmates. They are asking about it and one girl explained, "She has learned the truth, and she will follow." When she was asked if she would like to be baptized the next Sunday, she replied, "Even this afternoon," but alas, she was not permitted by her relatives.

Doane Hall

One of the recent developments in the student work is the opening of "Doane Hall" as a community center. The building is the gift of Mrs. George W. Doane in memory of her father. It contains separate reading-rooms for boys and girls, game-rooms, rest-rooms, a cafeteria, and a large auditorium. It serves as a rallying-point for all students interested in the evangelical work

and many who are not, and provides opportunities for many social and religious gatherings.

A School Becomes a College

The Jaro Industrial School started so auspiciously by Mr. Valentine has developed splendidly through the years in spite of inadequate equipment. It has recently become the Central Philippine College under the leadership of Rev. A. E. Bigelow. The 1924 Commencement marks an important mile-stone in the history of the school. College degrees were granted for the first time. Two men received the degree of Associate in Arts, and there are eight or ten prospective graduates for next year.

Lack of adequate equipment has been a sore handicap to the work of the school. It has never been found possible to provide funds sufficient to erect the buildings needed by the hundreds of eager students who throng its doors. The boys themselves have done much of the work which has gone into the plant. A year ago the Lopez building was erected, a memorial gift from a Filipino family of Jaro.

But in spite of meager equipment the school has been from the beginning, and is now, a builder of men. One of its graduates, Dr. Lorenzo Parras, came to America and acquired through his own determined and unremitting efforts a medical education. He has recently returned to be associated with Doctor Thomas in medical work.

A Junior Republic

The discipline of the school is almost entirely in the hands of a republic, resembling the government of the islands and conducted entirely by the students. The

officers—President, Vice-president, Secretary of State, Treasurer, Chief of Police, Speaker of the House, Post-Master General, Attorney General, Chief Judge of the Lower Court, and four associate Judges—are elected from the student body by the students during the first month of each school year. Before the election, campaigns are held by the different parties, and leaders from each party endeavor to draw votes to their side. After the election the new officers assume their responsibilities, and the different parties unite forces for the support of the government. Each class acts as a State and sends senators and representatives to Congress, the law-making body of the Republic. The laws established are for the most part faithfully observed. A police force maintains order and arrests offenders. Justice is properly administered. There are courts to try offenders and impose fines and other punishments according to law. Serious crimes are carefully dealt with, and if necessary, a recommendation for suspension from school is sent to the principal. The principal has the power to veto or change any decision of the court, but he almost never needs to exercise that power.

Prayer Provides the Men

Many have been the prayers which have been offered that God would raise up strong men and women to lead their own people in the progress of the kingdom.

The student work at La Paz and the College at Jaro bid fair to solve the problems of native leadership for the Philippine Church. Already many young men and women have been prepared for service, and a great harvest has been gathered in the Jaro hinterland. There are 32

churches, more than 2,000 baptized members, and 52 Sunday schools with 2,818 members. New evangelistic opportunities are presented on every side, and best of all, the workers needed to take care of them are presenting themselves in increasing numbers. Three waves of spiritual blessing have visited the Philippines: the initial peasant uprising, the great opening among the students, and the present awakening.

The prayer of a President lies at the very beginning of the great work in the Philippines. All through the years the prayers of workers upon the field and supporters at home, the prayers of great groups of peasants in the mountains, of student leaders in the cities, the remembered prayers of "Padre Juan," the prayers of Bible-women and native preachers, the prayers of new converts and tried and trusted deacons have been combining together to bring down the mighty blessing of God upon our youngest mission field, and still the mighty burden of prayer goes on with its resultant outpouring of blessing.

A Prayer

O Lord of the Harvest Field, who didst lead the heart of our martyred President to beseech thy blessing upon the new land which thou hadst placed in the care of this our nation, grant we pray thee that we may join this day with the great army of those who have prayed and striven for the evangelization of the Philippine archipelago in asking of thee yet greater outpourings of thy divine grace. May we humbly dedicate ourselves to pray, to give, or even to go, that Christ may be triumphant in the hearts and lives of our younger brothers and sisters of the island world. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Suggested Questions for Class Discussion of Chapter II

1. Had President McKinley's prayer anything to do with the development of the Philippine Islands? What lines of progress have resulted?
2. What relation should there be between prayer and action? Give examples to illustrate your view-point.
3. How does persecution react upon the work of God? Give instances from the Scripture and your own experience.
4. Padre Juan was an untutored priest. What had his prayers to do with the harvest?
5. Why pray for a school?

III

LIVINGSTONE CARRIES HIS PETITION IN PERSON

BANZA MANTEKE AND THE PENTECOST OF THE CONGO

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER III

Livingstone carries his petition in person to God.
God hears and answers.
Harley College joins in prayer and Richards gives himself to the work.
In the midst of impenetrable darkness.
God saves Richard's life through prayer.
Lutate becomes a son of consolation.
Experimenting with donkeys.
Fishing in the Congo language.
Law gives place to grace.
The people strip Richards of his goods.
God honors the prayer of faith.
Pentecost comes.
Building strength into the native character.
A great palaver.
An unanswered prayer.

LIVINGSTONE CARRIES HIS PETITION IN PERSON

Banza Manteke and the Pentecost of the Congo

From Prayer to the Presence

Even the winding of his watch was a sore effort to "the great Master" as night fell over the African jungle April 30, 1873. It was a long, restless night for him, and with the dawn he dragged his weary body from the cot to kneel beside it in prayer. Can there be any doubt as to the burden of the prayer which ascended from his heart in the gathering light? "O God, heal the open sore of the world." A little later the door of the hut was pushed gently open, and the African boys found the master still upon his knees. They said he was dead, but David Livingstone had only gone to carry in person his petition to the throne of the Eternal.

How God Called Richards

And God heard and answered. It was in the very same year, perhaps the very same day, while the Somersetshire hawthorn hedges were sweet with dew-drenched blossoms, that a young man of twenty-two was driven by the restlessness of his spirit out into the stillness of the fragrant dawn. As he knelt reverently in the gathering brightness, the light broke upon his soul like a flash from heaven, and Henry Richards received the commission of love which was to take him to the far-off land where Livingstone prayed and died.

Setting Harley College to Prayer

Few more dramatic incidents have occurred in the whole history of Christian missions than Stanley's meeting with the lost Livingstone at Ujiji in the heart of Africa. With typical British reserve his greeting is comprised in the words, "Doctor Livingstone, I presume," but his coming brought comfort, consolation, and new strength to the intrepid explorer and missionary worn by illness and fatigue to a "ruckle of bones." When Stanley told the story of that meeting all England and America wondered, doubted, and then believed. Many a Christian man was set to praying, and the students of Harley College, of whom Richards later became one, wore out the map of Africa as they traced Stanley's Congo journey in their daily meetings for prayer.

It was in August, 1877, that Stanley completed his great trans-African journey. Starting from the mouth of the Zambesi on the East coast in October, 1874, he emerged at the mouth of the Congo one thousand days except one later. In less than a year the Livingstone Inland Mission was formed, and in less than two years Henry Richards was beginning his long and fruitful service at Banza Manteke.

Richards Presses Onward

Work had already been started at Pala Bala, a little nearer the coast, but Richards was determined to press onward. On September 2, 1879, he found himself at Banza Manteke with only two Kroo boys whom he had brought from the coast for companions. Together they built a little grass hut which became his home. The surround-

ings were utterly unfamiliar, both language and people being unknown. The chief and some of the people were friendly, but others wanted the white man to go away. Richards at first proved to be a great convenience to the witch-doctors. If illness entered the village or there came a drought, it was of course the fault of this strange washed-out-looking creature who had taken up his home among them without so much as a "by your leave." How could one expect the hens to lay, the goats to multiply, or the sweet potatoes to yield with this pale ghost of a human being sitting down beside them and frightening their souls out of them?

Prayer Saves His Life

The lack of the language had its advantages in those early days. Mr. Richards did not know enough to be frightened. On one occasion the witch-doctor organized a sort of *vigilante* visit to the unwelcome stranger. Grotesque and hideous with red and white paint, bedecked with feathers and the skins of wild animals, they surrounded the bewildered white man. Drums, gongs, knives, and guns were brought into play. In a wild orgy of frenzied passion they danced about Mr. Richards, rending the air with their maniacal shrieks. It was not until years afterward that he learned that the climax of the dance was to be the sacrifice of his life. The ordeal was sufficiently terrifying in itself, but he was spared this added terror by his ignorance of the language and customs of the country. But for some reason the plans of the witch-doctors went awry. The hands of the murderers were held. They could not strike the blow against God's man whom they esteemed their enemy. Who shall say

that God's answer to his servant's prayer was less manifest here than in stopping the mouths of the king's lions?

Rayless Gloom

It is difficult to picture the barbarity of the Congo country at the time Mr. Richards began his work. Stanley's statement that among all the thousands of people whom he met on his long journey between the two oceans, he found no one who knew the story of Jesus, indicates the rayless spiritual gloom of the land. In the early days the natives certainly looked upon white people as ghosts or demons, and it was a difficult task to persuade them that the whites were really flesh and blood like themselves. Curiously enough it was the advent of a little white child in the home, so Doctor Mabie tells us, that convinced the Congo people of the humanity of these strange pale foreigners.

Lutate Becomes a "Son of Consolation"

It is not surprising that they should have been so ready to take the white man for a spirit when one considers the prevailing animistic superstition under which they were reared. Try to get the vivid reality of their superstitions, if you will, from this conversation between Mr. Richards and his first convert.

"Lutate," said Mr. Richards as he and his black companion made their way homeward through the woods, "your face is shining with joy, and you are singing as you walk; tell me what has happened to you."

"Uncle," replied Lutate, "I believe those words you have been telling us."

"Does that make you happy, Lutate?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle. I believe that Jesus has taken my sins away."

"But they will try to kill you, Lutate."

"Yes, Uncle, I know. They have banded together to poison me."

The dark shadows of the jungle were all about them, but Mr. Richards knew that the dense gloom of the forest was no deeper than the frightful spiritual darkness which fostered such customs as the poison ordeal.

"I told them their fetishes and charms were nothing," continued Lutate; "they were very angry and said that I was a traitor. They spoke evil of you, too, Uncle."

"What did they say, Lutate?"

"The great witch-doctor said that you kept the souls of the people up over the mats in the ceiling of your house."

"What should I want with the souls of your people, except to save them, Lutate?"

"They say that when you have a sufficient number you send them over the great water to become slaves of the white people."

"You do not believe any such nonsense, Lutate?"

"No, Uncle. But they think you are paying me money to help you to bewitch the souls of our people."

"Well, cheer up, good friend. We shall teach them better. You and I will work together in the great task. We will win the souls of the people for our Master, Jesus."

"I cannot go back home, Uncle. They seek to kill me."

"Never mind, son, God has sent you to me," responded Mr. Richards, taking Lutate by the hand. "I have a new name for you."

"What is it, Uncle?" inquired Lutate, greatly pleased at this mark of his companion's affection.

"I will call you Barnaba [Congo words cannot end with a consonant]. You will be a 'son of consolation' to me."

An Experiment with Donkeys

The trials of those early days were great. Everything was new, and experience was lacking. It was needful to work out plans and methods. Transportation proved a very serious problem. Roads there were none, except the ancient footpaths which led through the wilderness. The Society had been advised to try donkeys as a method of transportation, and several were imported from the island of Teneriffe. The experiment was not wholly successful. Mr. Richards describes what happened:

> The path, which was very narrow, led along the side of a hill. Presently my donkey lost its footing and fell, rolling down the hill. I was obliged to let go the rope, and then it began to roll faster and faster through the grass. All I could see flying through the air were hoofs and bales, faster and faster, until suddenly stopped by a tree that was growing out of the side of the hill. We went down expecting to find the donkey dead, if not dashed to pieces, but he was still breathing and finally came out all right. We got the bales off, and after much hard work succeeded in pulling and hauling him out on the path.

Introducing a People to God

Greater than the physical difficulties of the task, however, were the spiritual problems which it presented. No one who has not been through the experience can quite comprehend what an appalling thing it is to be plunged into the midst of a barbarian people speaking a savage

tongue no word of which is comprehensible to the newcomer. After the initial difficulties connected with the necessity for communicating with the people about the ordinary material things of life have been overcome, the problem still remains of delving into the deeper thoughts of the heart. It is embarrassing to discover that you have asked your companion to bring you a devil when you meant to say hatchet, but how much worse to find that your best efforts to repeat the Lord's Prayer in public have sounded to your native hearer as though you were declaiming solemnly "Three old women in a field."

Fishing in the Congo Speech

Mr. Richards went fishing in the Congo language for sounds which would express to the people the love of God and the grace of Christ. He wanted them to know about prayer and its answer. He had learned the words for sun, moon, stars, birds, brooks, and butterflies.

"Who made the sun, the stars, the animals, and the flowers?" he inquired of his native friends one day.

"Nzambi," was the prompt response, and Mr. Richards realized at once that he was face to face with a primitive idea of God.

"Where does Nzambi live?" he continued.

"Oh, Nzambi lives away off in the sky," was the answer.

"How do you know that he lives up there?" went on the eager searcher for ideas and words.

"That's easy. We can sometimes hear what goes on in his home. The storms come, and we hear the rolling thunder. Then we know that Nzambi is boiling his pot."

"Do you believe that Nzambi is great?"

"Yes, indeed. He is the great Maker of all the things we see."

"Then why do you not worship him?"

"Ah, that is another thing. Why should we worship him? He doesn't pay any attention to us."

"But do you not thank him for all his good gifts?"

"Thank him! Of course not. He is too far away to concern himself with us."

Redeeming Words

Mr. Richards had gained enough information for the present. Here was a word which needed redeeming just as much as the souls of the black people about him, and the missionary set himself to the task of reading new meaning into the old word. As the years went by, word after word was discovered which proved susceptible of use in building up the Christian idea of God and his love in the minds of the people. Out of the foulness and mire of the native thinking these words had to be snatched and then cut and polished to fit their new uses. Today the Congo language is inestimably richer through the new content which has been read into old words by the men of God.

"Johnny, You Mustn't"

It took Mr. Richards years to learn that the principle "Johnny, you mustn't" is just as fruitless of abiding results when applied to the African savage led by his primitive instincts as when addressed to the American small boy with designs upon the jam. The first part of the Scripture to be translated was the Ten Commandments. The missionary was greatly disappointed that his

exposition of the law seemed to produce so little effect upon the lives of the people. They continued their foul talk and evil habits. The poison ordeal was of frequent occurrence and night was made hideous with wild obscene dances.

It was a great day both for Mr. Richards and Congoland when the missionary finally turned from the law to the gospel. "I began to see my mistake," he afterward wrote. "The Great Commission does not say, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the law.' 'The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.' I went to work with a different idea and began to translate the Gospel of Luke, expounding it verse by verse to the people."

"Suppose the People Pray to Me!"

But even the gospel led Mr. Richards into trouble or at least into a great time of testing. It came upon him suddenly as he was working with his assistant at the translation. The question popped into his mind, "What effect will the verse have upon the people, 'Give to every one that asketh thee'?" The missionary knew something of the character of the people by this time. They seemed to be natural born beggars.

Meeting-time found Mr. Richards upon his knees. What should he say to the people? Could he go on with the verse in its natural order? It might mean the sacrifice of his very life if he lived up to that verse. Is it any wonder that the missionary side-stepped? He went back to the beginning of the Gospel to gain time. While restudying the gospel stories with the people, he pondered the issue involved.

Wrestling with God

May we ask the reader whether he has ever wrestled with God over such a knotty problem as here confronted Mr. Richards. Picture then if you can the two weeks of prayer and consideration which followed. At the end of this period, fortified by communion with God, the missionary did one of the bravest things recorded in the whole history of missions. Translating the verse literally he read it to the people and went on to tell them that he believed Jesus meant just what he said. He told them God had set a very high standard, that it would probably take him a lifetime to reach it, but that he meant to try to live as he preached.

It did not take his hearers long to put two and two together. No sooner had the meeting closed than they began asking him for things. They would test this white man to see whether he really meant the incredible thing he had said. One asked for the missionary's hat, another for a pot, another for a chair. Article after article of his choicest possessions were requisitioned, and each request was unhesitatingly granted. Mr. Richards had fought the battle out with God and was launching out upon the ocean of faith in the bark of obedience. The whole village buzzed with the news. "The white teacher is giving away his goods." "He is crazy," "No, he is not crazy, but the Spirit of his God is in him, and his heart has grown big."

God Honors Faith

It was a sore trial through which the servant of God passed. His possessions were few, and consisted not of

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the miscellaneous impedimenta which collect about us in the luxurious life of civilized lands, but for the most part of the few simple articles which are essential to the preservation of life and health. He distributed them unflinchingly among the importunate crowd as each request was made. But the event proved to be the turning-point of a great movement. The people began to apprehend a deeper meaning beneath the simple words of Jesus. One day a group of natives entered into conversation outside the window after the service.

"I am going to ask the white man for some things," said one.

"No," was the reply, "if you want them, buy them."

"Why should I buy the things. His God tells him to give them to us for nothing."

"You must certainly buy them," another voice broke in, supporting the previous speaker.

"But I have no money, and I want the things."

"Yes, but you do not understand. It is the white man's big heart which makes him so generous."

"Isn't it true that since he has been here there has been much less sickness? He has given every one of us medicine when we were ill."

"Yes, yes. He is not like the evil white men who pass upon the jungle trail, and he protects us from their wickedness."

"True, but I should very much like to have those things, and he has given things away to many others."

"Listen to me," said the one who had first replied, "and I will open to you the heart of this matter. The white man comes from a very far country where they do not have much sun. He is not used to our hot days. He

is not strong and needs many things for his comfort and health. If we take these things away he will die, and his spirit will go and tell Nzambi that we were cruel to him. It is better for him to live, for he is very good to us. Let us take the things back to him."

Lutate, whose story has already been told, was the first to come to Christ. Others soon followed. The simple operation of extracting a tooth has often been the means of winning a soul to Christ in primitive lands. Mr. Richards pulled three teeth for the chief's son. The latter had applied to his fetishes in vain, and upon returning home he punished the images by placing them outside in the grass. Finding, somewhat to his surprise, that he was still in the land of the living the following morning, he put them still farther away in the tall grass. Nothing happened, and he flung them away altogether and became not only a follower but a preacher of Jesus.

Northern Baptists Had Been Praying

Meanwhile other missionaries had joined the Congo staff and the Livingstone Inland Mission had become so large that it was deemed wise to place it under the fostering care of some large and permanently organized group. For years past the hearts and prayers of Northern Baptists had been reaching out toward the Dark Continent, and the denomination cordially approved the action of its Foreign Mission Society in taking over the work from Dr. H. Grattan Guinness who had formerly conducted it from London as a private enterprise.

The first Baptist missionary to sail from America for Congo was Mr. Herbert Probert, but he was followed by a stream of able young men and women. Mr. Richards

continued to lead in the work at Banza Manteke until his retirement in the year 1922 after forty-three years of service, but his efforts were reenforced by the coming of others, among them Doctor and Mrs. Leslie, Doctor Mabie, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Doctor and Mrs. King.

A Great Awakening

In the year 1886 a great awakening occurred at Banza Manteke. Mr. Richards might have baptized large numbers at once, but he felt it to be the wiser course to baptize a few at a time, meanwhile keeping others under instruction. Nevertheless the numbers increased rapidly. The movement has been called "the Pentecost on the Congo" in view of the manifest movement of the Spirit of God upon the dark hearts of the multitude. Mr. Richards' ambition was "to have a pure church, which shall be a shining light in a dark land." Two thousand were baptized. Teachers were trained, and many of them were willing to work for a mere pittance or indeed nothing at all.

Prayer Includes Praise

It was a great relief to Mr. Richards when reenforcements arrived. The work continued to progress, not always in a spectacular manner, but steadily and in an encouraging way. Dr. W. H. Leslie who arrived in the year 1893 writes the following year:

> The revival in our spiritual work of which I wrote you months ago, that we felt was coming, has begun to make itself more plainly manifest. New towns have opened to the word, and earnest, anxious preachers and workers are pushing into them. Wrath and persecution from the heathen and the conversion of

souls in the midst of it show us that it is indeed from our gracious Father. From six to eleven converts have been accepted for baptism every week for the last month, and many others are waiting for examination. Our hearts are running over with praise.

Primitive Prayer

There were setbacks as well as encouragements to the work. Both Mr. and Mrs. Richards had been very ill, and a great burden of work had fallen on Doctor Leslie. So much so that it was impossible to continue the broad itinerating which had been carried on so long. Teachers were lacking to guide the large numbers of new converts who had professed a desire to leave their old ways and follow the new faith. The pitiful efforts which some of the smaller groups made to keep up worship so far as they were able are indicated in a further statement from Doctor Leslie. He writes:

In one district seventy are reported as having given up the worship of God. This same district has a small company who have been following the little gleam of light that flashed into their lives a year ago, having been only visited once or twice by an evangelist in that time. They meet together to pray, and thinking it necessary to sing as they have heard done, but knowing no gospel song they sing *Mosi, zole, tatu, etc.* (one, two, three, etc.). I am sending the best man we have in the training-school to these faithful people next week. The men in the field are extended now until they are a mere skirmish-line, as very few posts have more than one man.

Richards Prays for a School Superintendent

The growth of the work made the need for trained workers increasingly apparent. There was a growing eagerness upon the part of the native villages for teachers.

Some of the boys and girls composed a little song of their own which afterward became popular. Its refrain was as follows:

"A town without a teacher is surely not a town."

In his report for 1905 Mr. Richards urges the sending of a trained educationalist.

> If we could get an up-to-date school superintendent, one who knows his business, well up in schoolology (pedagogy is not wide enough), one who is fond of travel and roughing it, one full of love for souls, the influence of our schools could be increased manyfold. You schoolmasters at home, do you not want a larger field?

There was conducted upon the station not only a primary school, but also a training-school for preachers and teachers, and later a well-organized school for Christian workers was established at Kimpese where leaders are trained not only for Banza Manteke station but for the entire lower Congo field.

American Women Send a Doctor

From the beginning of the work in Congo much prayer has been offered, not only on the field, but also at home, that suitable workers might be raised up for this needy field. It was in direct answer to these prayers that the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society was able to send to Banza Manteke in the year 1898 Dr. Catherine Mabie. Her coming was a great boon to all, and Doctor Leslie writes feelingly of the immediate relief which her arrival brought to him in the heavy medical and surgical work of the station.

Few of our missionaries have entered with such complete understanding into the life of the Congo people.

As she goes about her daily ministry of loving service the people to whom she ministers find it easy to understand the heart of her Lord.

The Doctor Mingles Medicine and Prayer

Picture Doctor Mabie visiting the new baby in one of the student homes. The women discuss the new arrival eagerly as they busy themselves about the household duties, picking open the squash seeds and shelling peanuts or beans. They called the baby Kiesi, which means Joy, and the doctor could not but recall a similar little life in the same home not many years before which had faded away despite all that could be done. The mother had sat upon the floor with the dying child in her arms while the Christian doctor, knowing the hopelessness of the case, had taken her place beside her in sisterly sympathy trying to open the dark heart to the only light which can illuminate the misty pathway through the valley of the shadow. They had buried that first little one with a Christian hymn and a prayer, and now a new little Joy had come into the home and joy from heaven into the mother's heart.

The work of the Christian physician was an increasing factor in combatting the witch-doctor. In the fulness of time Doctor Mabie was assigned to the staff of the Kongo Evangelical Training Institute at Kimpese, Doctor Leslie went to open up new work in the Kwangu area, and the medical work fell to Doctor King. Mr. Richards wrote of the latter's coming:

> We were all delighted at the coming of the Kings and since their arrival they have added to our staff another King. Miss King is a beautiful baby and is a credit to our Congo climate. She is the idol of all.

A Credit to His Profession

Let it never be forgotten that prayer steadies the surgeon's knife, prayer adds to the effectiveness of the hypodermic syringe, prayer redoubles the efficacy of the medical kit. Doctor King soon proved himself a skilful physician. The results obtained in his little primitive hospital would do credit to the greatest and most thoroughly appointed surgical clinics of America. Increasingly his services were sought, and as he worked hand in hand with Rev. J. E. Geil who by this time had assumed responsibility for much of the evangelistic work of the station, the gospel of healing for soul as well as body made fresh conquests in villages far and near.

Mr. Geil Answers Questions

The patience, I was about to say, of Job, let us rather say, of God is needed in dealing with the primitive people of Congo. They bring to the missionary questions which show the simplicity of a child and the shrewdness of the native denizen of the forest. Mr. Geil gives several interesting specimens:

"What became of the boards in Noah's ark? Were people saved under the Old Dispensation? If so, how? Wasn't Christ angry when he cleansed the temple? Were there ghosts in Christ's time? Why should there be a requirement that cleansed lepers should show themselves to the priests if leprosy was incurable? Explain the prediction of Caiaphas?"

Mr. Geil is very skilful in meeting the inquiries of his native friends. He has developed the plan of turning their questions back to them. The need for a preparatory

school was very urgent. The supply of native teachers and preachers was proving inadequate to the demands of the many new villages, which were awakening to their need for the gospel. Mr. Geil thought it might be well to open such a school in February when the rainy season sets in. But the matter was first submitted to the native pastors. They were much pleased with the idea and returned to their fields to look up suitable men for the school. At the appointed time ten men with recommendations from the native pastors presented themselves. The school buildings had not been used for some time, and two days of strenuous labor were required to put them in condition. The prospective students accomplished the task without a murmur. It then developed, however, that they were foodless and moneyless. The situation was aggravated by the fact that the state had just begun to make a complete enrolment of the people and to levy a tax of six francs a year on the women. Most of the men had wives and children. Mr. Geil was unable to give them more than a franc and a half (thirty cents) per week for food, lights for their houses, and soap sufficient for their needs. In return they gave an hour and a half of manual labor per day and in this way the physical needs of the school were provided for.

Terrible Handicaps

It must be borne in mind that the Congo missionary is working constantly under the handicap of the downward pull of surrounding heathenism. The witch-doctor does not surrender his power without a battle. The ancient dances and native customs hold a lure for the young man and woman accustomed to them from youth. But there

are many noble traits in the native character to which the missionary can appeal. There is a naturally happy and joyous outlook upon life. There is often an impulse to generosity and self-giving which may be aroused by the gospel story. There is a frank recognition and appreciation of kindness shown.

Building Strength into Native Characters

Mr. Geil came to the conclusion that the best way to elicit and strengthen the better features of the native character would be to throw upon them complete financial responsibility for the work in their villages. He began a three-year campaign of education along the line of Christian stewardship. It is impossible for one unacquainted with the difficulties which confronted him to understand the magnitude of the victory which was gained.

It was the writer's good fortune to visit Banza Manteke Station just at the time when the missionary's effort to induce the native villages to assume the complete support of their teachers and schools culminated.

A great gathering of chiefs and leading men had been arranged. The station upon the hilltop buzzed with life. The workers and leaders had come in from long distances. Little groups gathered about the compound in earnest conversation. There were reverend and dignified chiefs, and those who were less dignified because of the peculiarities of their garb. One old fellow was manifestly bursting with pride in the possession of a long, purple bathrobe. But let not the reader despise these simple souls on account of their unconventional attire and lack of the graces of civilized life. They were leaders every one,

exercising in many cases great influence over their own people.

At the time set for the meeting the commodious church building was filled with an eager and interested crowd. There had been many services of worship and praise, but this was to be a palaver, and the African native is in his element in such a give-and-take battle of the wits.

A Great Palaver

They enrich the debate on these occasions with many a choice proverb or parable taken from the life of the people. These little pellets of condensed wisdom often determine the result of the palaver. Their pungent truth is worthy of note. Here are some examples:

It is useless to call a dog while you have a stick in your hand.
The elephant does not become weary of its trunk.
The mosquito does not pity you because you are skinny.
No one can compare with your mother.
A wandering dog gets its master into trouble.

On this occasion the missionary explained the plan in mind, which included the assumption by the chief on behalf of the village of responsibility for the payment of its teacher as well as other school expenses. He gave the details of a simple every-member plan whereby the aid of all might be elicited in support of the work.

Before assent could be given it was needful to talk the plan over carefully. Question after question was asked, some of them seemingly quite irrelevant.

Why did goods from across the sea cost so much more than formerly?

If salvation was free, why should one give anything to the church?

If the missionary loved all the people, why not give them medicine without price?

Was the station at Banza Manteke to be given up?

The answers were not always satisfactory, but Mr. Geil is a skilled debater, and he did not fail to call the attention of the chiefs to the ease with which they could earn money now that the railroad was here as compared with former days.

"But we are very poor," was the response. "Is it not cruel to expect us to give so largely?"

This gave the missionary his opportunity to enlarge on the grace of giving and its effect upon the character.

It was toward the close of the meeting that a picturesque individual clad in a long, dirty white robe rushed dramatically down the aisle waving aloft a bottle containing white fluid.

"Look," said he, "it cost me forty centimes. It looks just like water. Why should I have to pay for medicine that looks like water?"

To the unsophisticated visitor from abroad it looked as though the meeting were in peril of being broken up. But the brother subsided, and I afterwards learned that he was among the most generous givers of the church. In the end the chiefs and teachers came to the happy and unanimous decision that the time had arrived to adopt the missionaries' plan. It was perfectly plain that their interest had been aroused, their imaginations captured, their enthusiasm elicited, and that they were prepared to go home and put the plan into execution. In the following year nearly fifteen thousand francs were given to the support of the work in that area, and the churches entered upon a new era of progress.

A New Pentecost

Coincident with the advance in self-support came a great new spiritual awakening. Overwhelming as were the difficulties confronted the advance movement could not be stayed. Even the rise of the "Prophet Movement" which caused so many to stray from the right path throughout the whole of the Lower Congo served in the end to give new emphases to the message and to bring about new victories in the work. Great numbers were added to the church. In his report for the year 1921, Mr. Geil writes:

> During the entire year a revival spirit has been prevalent throughout the field, and baptisms have been of frequent occurrence. The records show that 1,160 have been baptized during the year and 459 have been restored to church-membership. Comparatively speaking, few have been excluded from the church, but the every-member canvass necessitated the dropping of a goodly number of names from the church roll and brought the number up to 477. The death-list, which is rather large for the year, has been increased to 139 by the unreported deaths of previous years found in the every-member canvass. As it is, there has been an increase of nearly a thousand in church-membership which is now the largest in the history of the work.

Prayer in the Homeland

One of the most striking circumstances in connection with this work is that during the past three years (1921-1924) a new spirit of prayer for the Congo field has come upon the churches in the homeland. For years our African field had been almost forgotten. There was little interest in it, and it was almost impossible to secure recruits for it. For a full decade practically no new missionaries were added to the staff. But the situation

has changed. At meeting after meeting of the Board of Managers of the Foreign Mission Society earnest prayer was offered for new workers. The prayer is being answered in abundant measure, and it now seems possible to secure missionaries for the Congo field as readily as for our other missions. Seventeen new missionaries have been added to the Congo staff in the past three years. Three of them have been sent to Banza Manteke.

An Unanswered Petition

And are these new recruits needed? Let the following story which has just come from the pen of Rev. J. E. Geil, bear witness:

Mpanzu is an aged and noted African chief who at one time was rich in wives, warriors, slaves, and henchmen. He bartered freely in human beings, giving them in exchange for rum, guns, cloth, knives, etc. For a number of years he resisted successfully the encroachments of the Leopold régime. Finally the authorities wisely decided that instead of trying to capture and kill him they would try to win his friendship and secure his cooperation. In this they succeeded, but Mpanzu, despite limitations put upon him, continued to be the most influential and powerful chief of his section of the country, which is on the north side of the Congo River in the Lukunga section of the Banza Manteke field. He never became a Christian but for a number of years has shown himself friendly to the mission and its work.

It was proposed that a series of special meetings should be held in Mpanzu's village. Mpanzu and his people took to the proposal and put their village in order, prepared a place of meeting by roofing over a large space in the village with palm branches, provided sleeping accommodations and a generous supply of food for visiting guests from Banza Manteke, Mpalabala, and other sections.

The meetings were full of spiritual power and blessing, being

characterized by good attendance, good interest, good spirit, good thank-offerings, and a goodly number of baptisms. On Sunday evening, after a full and busy day, the improvised place of meeting was filled to overflowing and many were standing and sitting about on the outside. Mpanzu was there seated in a chair immediately in front of the speaker's table. Like the others he listened quietly and attentively to the message of the evening which I fear was rather prolonged. The closing prayer was about to be offered when a man arose and addressing the missionary in charge said, "Father Mpanzu has something he wants to say to you."

An opportunity was given Mpanzu to speak, and the old gray-headed chief, with his blankets draped about his tall, stately form, arose and stood in the dim light of the lanterns and under the canopy of palm branches. Removing from his head the small woven cap which he had worn during the service and which was a mark of his kingly authority, he addressed himself in his fierce coarse manner to the missionary directly in front of him, while the natives in the darkness kept silence and listened with rapt attention. The conversation which took place is in substance as follows:

Mpanzu: My request to you this night is made in behalf of all the district chiefs of this section of country. We have many villages and many people. Banza Manteke is four days away from us and we can't get the help which we need and want from there. We have conferred together and agreed together to ask you to put a mission and missionaries right here in our midst. Will you do it?

Missionary: It is hard for me to believe that the chiefs who have stubbornly and persistently refused to have anything to do with the mission are now uniting with you in this request. However, I am glad to have the request, and am sorry to have to say that it cannot be granted at this time. For lack of missionaries and money we have had to discontinue the work of the Lukunga and Mpalabala stations, and as yet we have not been able to staff and equip properly the Banza Manteke station. Since these things are so, the Christian people in my country

would not undertake the establishing of a new station and work.

Mpanzu: If you tell them that Chief Mpanzu has made this request and that the section of country which they have long been trying to enter is now open to them, will they not hear and heed? Have they ceased to care for us that they will no longer listen to us when we cry unto them in our distress and need?

Missionary: They have not ceased to care for you or your people, and they will be glad to have this request and would like to grant it. More demands are being made upon them since the war than they can possibly meet, and besides it is not for the most part the rich people who are doing this work but the poor people who have the love and spirit of Jesus Christ in their hearts and lives.

Mpanzu: I want you to tell them. I also want you to tell us what we are now to do. We have given up the witch-doctors and the fetishes and are not going to have anything more to do with them. All our lives we have looked to these and these alone for help in every time of need. We cannot look to them any more. To whom or to what are we now to look for help?

Missionary: You will have to look to your kind, loving heavenly Father.

Mpanzu: We do not know him. Our people do not know him. Many of them have never had any teachers or any chance to know him. How can we look to him when we do not know him?

Missionary: You have some teachers and some people who know him, and those of you who have teachers ought to know him.

Mpanzu: We are glad for these teachers which we have, but they do not know him as you white people know him and are unable to help others to know him well.

Missionary: What you say is true, and we are going to do our utmost to provide you with good teachers. We are enlarging the work at Banza Manteke. You will have to send the brightest

and best of your boys and girls to this station, and we will carefully teach and train them, and they will come back to you to be your teachers, preachers, doctors, and nurses.

Mpanzu: What you say is not sufficient, but it is good. How long will it be before we can have this help?

Missionary: Mpanzu, I do not know, but I hope it will not be very long.

Mpanzu: We can never see it. It will not be in my day or in the day of these chiefs or in the day of our people.

With these words Mpanzu sat down and his plea and prophecy were ended. After the closing prayer Mpanzu and his people went groping in the darkness to their dark and cheerless hovels. Will the words of his prophecy be fulfilled?

Great things have been accomplished in the Banza Manteke field through prayer. But the battle is not over. There are areas of darkness and need beyond. Mpanzu's people wail and pray their untutored prayers to us. Shall we not also pray and work?

A Prayer

O thou compassionate Lord, who through the centuries hast looked down upon the sorrows and sufferings of thy little children on the Dark Continent of Africa, who hast marked all their tears and toil, and hast seen the miseries which have been inflicted upon them by more favored peoples from happier lands, we thank thee that at last light is shining through their darkness. Grant thy mighty aid to all who have taken it upon them to carry the help and healing of thy gospel to these suffering people. Hearken thou to the many calls which come from peoples yet unenlightened, and help us to give them thy word and thy salvation speedily, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

Suggested Questions for Class Discussion of Chapter III

1. What are the values of student prayer groups? Give your own experiences of united prayer.
2. Discuss the value of prayer in time of peril.
3. What do you think of Richards' dilemma while translating the Scriptures? What would you have done?
4. What is the relation between often repeated prayers and great movements toward God?
5. How did prayer and the teaching of stewardship enter into the building of character in the Congo?

IV

THE LONE STAR BECOMES A CONSTELLATION

HOW PRAYER SAVED ONGOLE

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER IV

Five Christians after seventeen years.
Day's prayers send him to India.
The confidence of the promises.
Tapping the resources of the Most High.
Organizing the first church.
Prayer for reenforcement.
Day grows impatient with the board.
The tide turns.
A momentous decision is made.
Doctor Jewett utters a prophecy.
Three Indians join his prayer.
Sunrise on Prayer-meeting Hill.
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Shall we baptize the outcastes?
Famine visits the land.
An engineer to the rescue.
The Lone Star becomes a constellation.

THE LONE STAR BECOMES A CONSTELLATION

How Prayer Saved Ongole

Five Christians After Seventeen Years

Five of them! There were only five. Seventeen years of toiling under the tropical sun; expatriation, thousands of miles of pitiless sea between themselves and dear ones; weariness, illness, sorrow, pain of heart, mind, and body; years of loneliness, hopes deferred, disappointment; and at last a handful of good grain garnered from the barren soil.

The meager report of the Telugu Mission for September 30, 1853, gives the story:

> Brother Day was violently attacked with his old complaint. After struggling with a disease which proved absolutely incurable in India, he left with strength hardly sufficient to justify the hope that he would survive the journey to Madras.
>
> One has been added to the church by baptism, and one has been excluded. The present number is five. The number is small, but all, we believe, are regenerated persons.

Day Decides for India

The fiber and sinew of his early New England forbears was in Samuel Stearns Day when he determined to devote his life to service among the "heathen," preferably the North American Indians. To the young man of pioneer stock, already harboring the settled purpose of self-sacrificing service, it could not have been a difficult step

to turn his thoughts to India instead of the Indians. We can well imagine the conversation between himself and Mrs. Day:

"My dear, I have some news for you. The Mission Board has proposed to me a new plan. But it will call for sacrifice beyond what we had anticipated."

"Husband, tell me about it. If it is His plan, we must follow it. God has given me a great sense of the worth of the soul and an ardent desire to do all in my power to bring souls to Christ."

The latter words are still on record as Mrs. Day's response to the call of God.

It was the plan of the Board that they should go to South India to open work among the Telugus. Whether the young couple would have had strength to undertake the work had they known of the long years of apparently fruitless toil under the most discouraging and difficult circumstances which lay before them, is open to question. But the confidence of the promises was theirs, and by faith they were able to look hopefully through the long years to the time when the Lone Star Mission would be the marvel of the modern missionary movement which it afterwards became.

The Confidence of the Promises

Mr. Day's very first letters from the field breathe the faith and hope with which he looked forward to the future. Writing from Chicacole, India, October 10, 1836, he says, "Oh may the spirit of the Lord help our infirmities and strengthen us more and more to run with patience the race set before us." Already he was planning large things for the future, for he begins at once

that long and pitiful series of appeals for reenforcements which became so marked a feature of his correspondence with the homeland. In the same letter quoted above he writes:

"May the Lord of the harvest send forth an army of faithful laborers for his vineyard," but he adds also, "I fully trust the Lord will be our helper whether fellow laborers are sent or not."

In a very short time he finds himself immersed in the activities of the missionary life and gives a circumstantial account of village visitation:

> Our usual practise was to go through the principal streets of the villages with books in our hands, and often it was known pretty generally who we were and what was our business. A crowd having gathered around us, we chose some shady spot under a friendly tree or on a verandah where we read and preached and sometimes prayed. Sometimes I commenced by the help of a youth who accompanied me and interpreted or Mr. Gordon [a colleague of another mission from Madras who kindly helped him on this early tour] interpreted, and after a short time Mr. Gordon would take up the subject entirely and conduct the instructions. Sometimes Mr. G. did the whole of the preaching, and I only listened and tried to hold up his hands by prayer.

An Ancient Record of Heart-breaking Days

The yellowed pages of correspondence, some of it nearly a century old, tell of those early hidden years of heart-breaking toil which formed the substructure for the pentecostal outpouring of later years. First at Chicacole, then at Madras, and later at the permanent station of Nellore, the pioneer missionary and his wife poured out their lives. The work was simple, though difficult. It consisted in those early days largely of tract distri-

bution, wayside preaching, and personal conversation. Its power lay in the thousands of friendly contacts made and in the genuine human affection which the Telugu people did not fail to discern beneath the persevering efforts of the missionary.

There is something well-nigh superhuman in the unfailing persistence exercised by the Days during those long years of apparently fruitless work. If any one doubts it, let him try selling an unpopular book from door to door for a series of years. Constant rebuffs, repeated failures will break the spirit of the most dauntless salesman. To recover from the effect of constantly repeated refusals, to lift the soul from the slough of despond into which denial tends to sink it, requires a courage and faith not naturally found in the human heart.

Tapping the Resources of the Most High

But Mr. Day knew where to go for the needed strength. He tapped the limitless resources of the Most High and was upheld by the inner conviction that many friends were praying for him. In one of his letters he writes, "Somebody has doubtless prayed much for me, and if I knew who, I would thank them, and beg them still to help me with their prayers." To this day we do not know who those "somebodies" were, but we are assured that not only in the older States but all through those undeveloped Western territories of the thirties and forties of the last century there were those who joined spiritual forces with the pioneer missionaries to India in the substratum of prayer which underlay the mighty harvest of later days. One of these helpers is noted in the correspondence as living "beyond the Mississippi River."

The Spirit of our own Western pioneers responded to the courage and determination shown by the pioneers of the faith.

Nine long years passed before the Days saw the shores of the homeland again, and even then they were driven home by illness. The thought of visiting America and meeting with friends gave them little satisfaction. "The little church, the schools, the heathen. What will become of these?" Mr. Day wrote:

> My prayer, my hope is, God spare my life, God nerve my spirit for the hour of strife. Pour health once more into these shattered constitutions and send us again to labor and die among the Telugus.

Organizing the First Church

Before they left, the first little Baptist church upon the Telugu field was organized. Mr. Day tells the story of it:

> We decided to form a missionary church to include missionaries as well as others both native and English as circumstances may require, and on Saturday, the twelfth of October, 1844, we came together in our little humble chapel on the mission premises for the purpose of forming ourselves into a gospel church. The meeting was organized, and after the usual preliminaries of reading Scriptures and prayer, a constitution was adopted, and the church formed entitled "The Baptist Missionary Church of Nellore," and it was recognized as a church in good fellowship with the sister churches of the Baptist denomination of America.

Facing the Call Again

Another conversation between husband and wife is repeated in Mr. Day's letter of June 13, 1848, written from Homer, N. Y., while the missionaries were upon furlough.

"They are asking us again to do a very hard thing, Wife. Listen, this is what Doctor Peck, the secretary of the Board, writes: 'What would you think of the plan of going out for four or five years, leaving your family with Mrs. Day in this country, and taking one brother and his wife with you, so as to sustain the mission till we can gather a little more strength?'"

"I have feared it, Husband. It would seem like eternity. There would be so little probability of our meeting again in this world."

"Yes, dear, I know. We must not separate for such a long time if there is any way to avoid it. I shall write Doctor Peck that in case your health is restored and we can make arrangements for homes for the children, you must be allowed to join me, bringing one or two of the children if we think best."

"That will be so much better. My heart sinks at the thought of the long separation, but if there is prospect of my coming to you in a year or two, I think I could bear it."

"You know that our friend, Mr. James Inglis of Canada, has agreed to care for Samuel while I am gone. I must take him up there, and he will thus be provided for."

"I shall miss him very much."

"Yes, but you will have Malcom [aged 12]. He will be great company for you and will help you with the others."

"Mary and Martha [aged 8½] will be too old to take to India in case I come. I suppose we must find a home for them, but could I not bring Ellen [6½ years] and James [3 years]?"

"We must leave that to the committee. They are very considerate, and will make an adequate allowance for the care of the family. We must be economical and as little burden to them as we possibly can."

The Answer to Prayer for Reenforcements

The couple who were to accompany Mr. Day on his return to India proved to be Rev. Lyman Jewett and Mrs. Jewett whose names have since become imperishably enshrined in the history of the Telugu field. Welcome

as this addition was, Mr. Day still felt that his long pleadings for adequate reenforcement had met a very meager response and wrote a few years later:

> What are two missionaries and two or three native helpers, that on us such a vast work should be left to rest so many years? Must we, after all, see the harvest perish and finish our course alone.

All through the years of his service Mr. Day plead the cause of the Lone Star Mission with its feeble resources in men and means. In the report of the Board meeting held in May, 1848, there is the following record:

> No mission of the Union in comparison with the work to be performed has been sustained by us so feebly as this. Mr. Day commenced the mission in 1836, and has labored in it single-handed with the exception of a few native assistants. During the ten years of his residence in Telugu country the language was to be learned, the country explored, the character and ways of the people searched, and the sphere and site of the mission to be selected, and a station built up; the foundation, in a single word, was to be laid—and all to be effected by one man among a numerous and strange people.

Day Grows Impatient with the Board

No wonder this faithful missionary's patience finally gave way and his hope failed. These are strong words to write to a governing board but justified by the years of patient waiting and earnest entreaty disregarded:

> I have ceased to expect the committee to do anything in the way of sending reenforcement to this mission; and therefore, I have ceased to ask them. Henceforth, my eyes shall be to him who gave his Son to be a light to the Gentiles and for salvation to the ends of the earth. This last lesson may have been needful for one who has been looking with earnest entreaty to the

acting body in Boston on behalf of the Telugu nation for fifteen weary painful years and as to helpers has received little else than blasted hopes, to teach him to cease from man. My hopes were ever high concerning this mission and people—for them I am willing to spend my remaining days if God please to thus permit.

The Tide Turns

But the tide was about to turn. The great denomination which had been unmoved by the prayers and entreaties of their missionaries who had through long years poured out their whole souls in effort for the Telugu field, found its sentiments crystallized over night by the inspired words of one whose heart had been deeply moved by the story of the Telugus.

Many epoch-making decisions have been made at the annual gatherings of our denomination, but perhaps few surpass in momentousness and far-reaching results the decision made at the annual meeting of the American Baptist Missionary Union held in Albany, 1853, in respect to the Telugu field.

The proposal had been made that the field should be abandoned and the workers withdrawn. A brief was presented summing up the situation, in which the want of success was stressed.

No more than three persons have been baptized since the mission was commenced in 1836, and it is not known that more than four others have been converted in the same time.

Attention was called to the failure to develop native workers.

No such helpers are in training, and there is no immediate prospect of any. The two Telugu brethren now employed by the mission are worthy of confidence, but their education and rank are not such as to give them the widest usefulness.

The question was propounded, "Shall our two missionaries be withdrawn from the field, or shall two more be sent to them the present year?" The world map hung before the great assembly, and one of the speakers, Dr. J. Lansing Burrows, pointed to the station of Nellore in India and spoke of it as "a lone star."

Kindling a Glow in the Heart of a Multitude

It is given to some men to catch the hidden sentiments of a great company of people and to express them in living words. The imagination and heart of Dr. S. F. Smith who summed up the reverent patriotism of the entire nation in the national hymn "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," were stirred by the reference to the lone star shining in the midst of the darkness of India, and in the quiet hours of the same night he wrote the hymn which was to decide the great question before the gathering.

Our great annual conventions may well be justified by the opportunity which they furnish for the spark of faith and high purpose in the heart of one man to kindle a similar glow in the hearts of the multitude. When Doctor Smith's hymn "The Lone Star" was read in the meeting the following day, there was a knitting together of hearts in renewed purpose. The whole gathering was raised to a higher plane, and it was resolved that "The Telugu Mission be continued and suitably reenforced."

Doctor Jewett Prays and Prophesies

It was very shortly after the action taken at Albany that Doctor Jewett, who had entered into the very spirit of Mr. Day's prayers and concern for the Telugus, was led to utter the prophecy of Prayer-meeting Hill. Perhaps

the news of the visitation of God at Albany had touched his own heart with the electric spark so that the conviction came to him that the faithfulness at home would result in achievement abroad. In any case the early dawn of January 1, 1854, brought a moment of transfiguration experience to Mr. and Mrs. Jewett and the three native companions who were traveling with them.

Three Indian Christians Joined in the Prayer

We ought to know these three strong and simple Christians who shared in the daybreak vision of the Ongole field. What their part may have been in the great awakening we do not wholly know, but we may be very sure that God's response of power was bestowed as truly in answer to the prayers of these three Christians, the firstfruits of the harvest, as in response to the cry of their foreign coworkers.

Julia

Julia had been one of Mrs. Jewett's schoolgirls, but had now become a Bible-woman. A letter from her at the age of sixteen reveals her character and development:

> To all my dear young friends who read the *Macedonian,* one who is called to read in the Telugu Mission school and to hear the true word writes:
>
> By the favor of the Lord, his bright light has been made to shine in Nellore. This country is filled with darkness, idolatry, and other great sins. Their idols they either carry upon their shoulders or draw upon cars, thousands upon thousands accompanying.
>
> We have heard that the Baptist Missionary Union is in debt and that our boarding-school must be discontinued. I am very, very sorry for this. Oh, do not think of such a thing. Our

dear Saviour sees all that you do for the ignorant. God blesses for his sake.

I am at present, by the help of God, teaching a day-school. The children are very poor. When they first came to school they were very ignorant. When I told them about God they would be quite astonished, their very countenances showing that they were hearing something entirely different from what they had ever heard before. Now these children begin to learn, to think, to love and to exercise all the other faculties of the soul.

We send much love to our dear Mr. and Mrs. Day. We hope you will send them to this country again.

From your friend,

JULIA.

Mrs. Jewett adds: "Our dear Julia of whose letter this is a translation, is about sixteen years of age. She has been a professing Christian for several years and would be an ornament to the church of Christ anywhere."

Christian Nursu

The conversion of Nursu is related by Mr. Jewett in a letter dated June 3, 1854:

Last Sabbath during the interval of public worship, Nursu, a coolie employed by our little Society to carry books and to cook for the colporters, came to me and said he felt this to be his time and the only time he ever should have to secure the great salvation. It seems that he was awakened on Friday, April 19th, when he was asked and consented to keep the day with the church in fasting and prayer.

Ruth

Ruth was another of the dependable girls of the boarding-school who had developed abilities as a Bible-woman. This little group had been taught by their leaders not

merely devotion and industry, but that sense of concern for the souls of their fellows which made them glad to leave their beds before daybreak to seek a place of prayer.

A New Year's Dawn

Doctor and Mrs. Jewett and their three native associates had been preaching the gospel daily in and about Ongole. There was an expectancy in their hearts. The news from Albany had greatly cheered them. A new year was about to dawn. Would it bring the beginning of the harvest they so longed for?

"Come," said Doctor Jewett, "let us ascend this little hill. It will give us a point of vantage from which we shall be able to see all the surrounding country."

Quietly and reverently they followed the teacher up the slope. At least the summit would afford them a place of prayer, from which they could look out over many villages while they prayed.

How still the night was! The silent tropical stars looked down peacefully upon them, and they thought of the star of Bethlehem.

"Shall we sing?" said Father Jewett, and the stillness before the daybreak was broken by the sweet sounds of a Christian hymn. Then Father Jewett poured out his heart to God. The long years of toil, the waiting millions, the promises of God, the hope for the future; all must have found a place in that petition.

"Nursu, you pray too. They are your people. You are one of the first to see the light of life. Pray for your people." And in simple words yet eloquent with deep desire, Nursu prayed.

It was in the gray half light before the dawning, but

BAPTISTERY IN MISSION COMPOUND, ONGOLE, INDIA

Doctor Jewett could see to read the words of Isaiah, and if he had not been able to see, he knew them by heart.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

Then Mother Jewett prayed. Mother of all the Telugu people, her heart poured out its treasure of petition for these little ones who were astray from the shepherd.

"Julia, you pray, and Ruth too." In this moment Father Jewett was the prophet of God, but he knew it not.

"Look, Julia, look, Nursu and Ruth! Do you see that rising piece of ground yonder, all covered over with prickly pear. Would you like that spot for our mission home, and all this land to become Christian? Well, that day will come."

Julia Tells the Story

When Julia told the story she added, "It seemed as though the Holy Spirit had lifted us above the world, and our hearts were filled with thanksgiving to the Lord." The sun rose. Only those who have seen a tropical sunrise can know its splendor. In it was promise of a greater sunrise which should flood all the land with the radiance of Christ's glory.

One of the little group, Christian Nursu, had passed on before the awakening became apparent. He died at Nellore, November 13, 1856. "The same truths which I have preached to others," said he, "are now my joy and support."

Doctor Jewett Begins to See the Harvest

In March, 1858, the conviction of an approaching harvest had deepened in Doctor Jewett's heart: "I feel

and believe that the word of God is finding a deeper and better soil than for a long time past." In May of the same year he continued:

> My last letter to you will prepare your mind to hear the pleasing intelligence that God is visiting us with a revival of religion. More precious souls have turned to the Lord and been added to his people by baptism within the past few weeks.

Even yet, however, the assaults upon the life of the mission were not over. The Anniversaries were held at Providence in the year 1862. Here a resolution was introduced to abandon the Mission. It was decided to await the arrival of Doctor Jewett who was on his way home from the field.

The long years of heavy toil in the unfavorable climate of India had worn down the health and strength of the missionary. The annual report for the year 1862 contains the following paragraph:

> The Telugu Mission is severely afflicted. Mr. Jewett who has long and faithfully labored in that field, sinks under his toils just as he is gathering in the harvest; and tearing himself away, turns toward America as the only hope of regaining his health. "The trial," says he, "of leaving home at first, is less than nothing, compared to that of leaving the mission field to return."

"Destroy it not, there is a blessing in it" are the words which occur repeatedly as one reads over the history and correspondence of the mission. Suffice it to say that when Doctor Jewett appeared before the Board and expressed his deep conviction that there was a blessing in store for the mission and his fixed resolve never to give it up, the day was carried, and it was decided to send another missionary with him as he returned to India.

The names of Father and Mother Jewett are very dear to Telugu Christians. Their long period of service covered nearly forty years, and the story of their work is inextricably woven with the history of the triumphs of the gospel in South India.

Another Great Heart Enters the Work

To enter into such a heritage of faith and prayer a great soul was needed. And he was found in the young man who accompanied Jewett on his return to the field. The hard, clean poverty of John E. Clough's childhood and youth prepared him for the life of privation and difficulty which lay before him in India. As he met the destitute Madigas he was able to say to them: "You cannot tell me anything about poverty. I too have lived by the week on little else than corn-meal mush."

Clough's early preaching was based on John 3 : 16, and it was not long before he began to see the fruitage of his work. He insisted that a prime requisite for success was that the missionary should love the Telugus. November 6, 1866, he wrote:

> Yesterday was a happy day for the Lone Star Mission. It was my privilege to baptize four. Our little church here which has been struggling for these many years is strengthened. We are earnestly asking God to give us at least one hundred before the close of the year 1866.

The Larger Fulfilment

The prophecy of Prayer-meeting Hill began to receive its larger fulfilment in 1866 when Clough organized the mission at Ongole. It was an old schoolmate of Mr. Jewett's, then residing "beyond the Mississippi River,"

Reuben Wright, Esq., who gave the money for the first mission house.

A moment of great peril and temptation came to Mr. and Mrs. Clough in these early days, the outcome of which determined the type of the work for the long future. The history of the Telugu Mission has had many of these critical moments. One trembles to think of the blessing American Baptists might have missed had the great decision of Albany been reversed. This was a similar day of destiny.

The Time of Testing

The caste system of India has been one of the great barriers to the spread of the Christian faith. The twice-born Brahmans are the very uppermost of the higher castes, invested with the sacred cord. Already these young missionaries had made many high-caste friends. It was a temptation to believe that if these could be won to Christ the lower castes would naturally follow. The issue was placed vividly before them when a company of Madigas came one day seeking baptism. What was to be done? The Madigas were outcaste people, foul and unclean; their very living was gained from the disposal of the bodies and curing of the skins of dead beasts lest they pollute the caste peoples. There was no uncertainty in the attitude taken by their Brahman friends. If the Madigas were received, they must withdraw. Even the shadow of the outcaste was an offense.

Mr. and Mrs. Clough stood Bible in hand and looked into each other's faces while the outcaste supplicants waited. Where should they turn for guidance? The answer was at hand.

"Let us look to God's word," said Mr. Clough. In separate rooms they turned the sacred pages and sought the mind of the Master. Was it merely chance that the eye of each should light upon the same verse of Scripture?

"For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise."

It was enough. Christ had come to them in the guise of these despised Madigas, and from henceforth they turned to the poor and downtrodden.

Success in the Ongole Field

It has been commonly supposed that the great success in the Ongole field was the result almost entirely of the great famine and the opportunity this gave of reaching the masses of the people in the hour of their need. Undoubtedly the relief work in famine years did bring the missionaries into a closer relationship to the people and set their message in a favorable light. But it should be remembered that even before the great famine, the light had broken and Jewett's prophecy was in process of fulfilment. The long years of prayer and faithful service by the pioneers of the mission had ploughed the field deeply and enriched it for the harvest. In 1876 there were 3,269 converts in the Ongole field.

A Picture of Famine Conditions

Two years later occurred the great famine which so accelerated the progress of the work. Mr. Albert Loughbridge who joined the staff in 1875 gives a graphic picture of famine conditions:

In 1876 the monsoon (periodical rain) was light; crops were very short; food was scarce; and prices were high. In 1877 rains again failed over a large part of South India; the ground was baked; vegetation parched; and the country stricken by famine. The sun rose like a great copper ball; and the glare and heat of the day were almost intolerable. Sir William Hunter, one of the best authorities on India, estimates that two-fifths of the population are well off; two-fifths are comfortable in prosperous times; and one-fifth are permanently underfed. The last class succumbed at once; and soon the second class were sorely pressed. People stripped bark from the trees, pounded leaves of prickly pear to a pulp, and ate them, in their frantic hunger. They pulled thatching from the roofs of houses to feed their starving cattle. Cholera, smallpox, and other diseases, intensified by famine, broke out. People were dying by hundreds. Missionaries all over the famine district used every energy and every resource at their command in their efforts to save the people. The British Government in India did all in its power to combat these conditions. Relief works were opened on roads, canals, and irrigation projects, where all able to work could get employment. Relief camps were established in every central town where the old, infirm, and very young were fed without charge.

Such a relief camp was opened in Ongole. It was under the control of high-caste Hindu officials; and complaints constantly came to the missionaries that lower castes and Christians were turned away without food. Every morning dead bodies lay by the roadside, people who had fallen from exhaustion and died in the night where they had fallen. The situation was appalling.

An Engineer to the Rescue

Not for nothing had young Clough tramped over the plains of southern Minnesota as chain and hatchet carrier with a party of United States surveyors. Not for nothing had he followed this experience with the study of surveying, algebra, and trigonometry. It is fair to say that no practical knowledge which the missionary acquires

ever goes for long unutilized. Clough's engineering training enabled him to contract with the government for the building of a three-mile section of the Buckingham canal and thus by employing his starving Madigas he was able to save many thousands of them from death.

"Rice Christian" is the taunt that the world flings at the product of the missionary. Clough was determined to guard the point. Never had there been a greater opportunity to manifest the loving spirit of the Master in dealing with these outcaste people. His preachers were the overseers. The camps became the centers of Christian activity. Soon hundreds were asking for baptism. He refused them until his responsibilty in the sight of God would permit him to refuse no longer. "We do not want help," they cried. "By the blisters on our hands we can prove to you that we have worked and will continue to work. If the next crop fail, we shall die. We want to die Christians. Baptize us therefore."

2,222 New Converts Baptized in a Day

In a sketch of the life of Doctor Clough written by Mrs. Emma Rauschenbusch Clough these figures are given:

> Searching questions were asked, and many were sent away. On the first day, July 2, 1878, a beginning was made, 614 were baptized; on the next day, 2,222 followed; on the third day there were 700 more, making 3,536 in three days.

The light that shone upon Prayer-meeting Hill in the dawn of New Year's Day, 1854, has spread until the prophecy made that day has been well-nigh literally fulfilled.

The Lone Star Becomes a Constellation

The great Ongole field has been divided into nine areas, each having its own central station. The religious and social activities of the whole field are thoroughly organized. The Ongole High School and the Clough Memorial Hospital have come into being. A stream of strong men and women have been sent by the American churches into this ripe harvest field.

Those who follow in the steps of Day, Jewett, and Clough are animated by the same spirit of prayer and faithful service. In 1895 Rev. Jas. M. Baker was appointed Professor in the Mission School at Ongole. Writing Doctor Mabie in reference to his appointment he said:

> This evening has been spent by me alone in my room in quiet prayer and thought. No new battles have been fought, however, the fighting was done long ago. I have tried to place myself in the state of mind to be fully guided by the Holy Spirit in the step which I am about to take.

It is nearly thirty years since Doctor Baker's name was added to the list of Ongole missionaries, and he himself now sums up the present-day achievements of the work in that great field.

> The present Ongole field has a parish of 1000 square miles with 331,000 people. It has eight strong self-supporting churches, 80 Christian congregations which are practically churches, 237 other congregations, 80 chapels built by the Christians themselves, 12,424 baptized believers, 20,000 additional so-called adherents, 121 Sunday schools, with 5,000 scholars. The force of workers consists of 55 preachers, 59 Bible-women, 165 men teacher-preachers, and 92 teacher-Bible-women; 6,628 boys and girls in

school. In the hospital there were 505 in-patients, 5,907 out-patients, 17,350 treatments.

The Triumphs of Prayer Continue

"I hope the Lord has something good for us in reserve which will make us forget the scantiness of our success." Thus wrote Lyman Jewett February 11, 1858. The record here given is a record of God's faithfulness in answering prayer. The churches at home have responded to the need by sending out a stream of picked men to carry on the great work. The chapter is unfinished, for while we read, the victories among the Telugus still continue. The Government of India has acknowledged the power emanating from Prayer-meeting Hill by donating the hilltop to the mission to be used as a memorial and gathering-place. The Ongole Mission presents one of the most powerful responses to the question as to the efficacy of prayer afforded in the long history of the Christian church.

A Prayer

Our Father in heaven, who didst hear the prayers of thy servants Day, Jewett, and Clough as they toiled in loneliness and privation for the salvation of the Telugus, and didst honor their faith by such mighty outpourings of thy divine Spirit, help now thy servants, their successors, as they carry on the work in school, in hospital, in home, and in market-place. Give them strength of body to bear the heat of the tropical climate, quietness of mind to sustain the trials of uncongenial surroundings, and power of spirit to awaken slumbering souls. Grant also, we pray thee, that we who read of their sufferings and successes

may be led humbly and truly to offer to thee our lives and means, that their work may be adequately sustained and strengthened, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Suggested Questions for Class Discussion of Chapter IV

1. Discuss the wisdom or justification of waiting seventeen years for five converts in Teluguland.
2. How may development be hastened on any Christian field?
3. Discuss Day's attitude to the Board in view of delayed reenforcement.
4. What was the significance of the presence of the three Indian Christians at Prayer-meeting Hill?
5. What might have been the course of the work if Clough had turned from the outcasts?

V

PRAYING IN WOOD, IRON, AND THE SOULS OF MEN

BATTLING FOR CHRIST IN BALASORE, INDIA

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER V

BALASORE, INDIA

Famine and distress lie at the beginning of the work.
The little children know how to pray.
A letter to America is winged by prayer.
Balasore becomes the center of a great field.
The Doctor works miracles through prayer.
Prayer the mainspring of a life.
The prayers of a pagan.
Praying a school into existence.
Prayer dominates the school day.
Wrestling with principalities and powers.
An Indian pastor leads the conference to a new understanding of prayer.
A rich harvest of prayer.

PRAYING IN WOOD, IRON, AND THE SOULS OF MEN

Battling for Christ in Balasore, India

Famine Days

No breakfast; no lunch; a handful of rice for supper if you were fortunate; famine stalking through the land, producing gaunt figures and hollow cheeks; small wonder that Chadradhar brought his little son Silas to the mission at Sambhalpur and placed him in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Phillips! Even here the famine was felt. It was during the winter of 1837, and funds from America had stopped. No remittance arrived for more than a year and a half. But the missionaries were prepared to share their last crust with Silas and the five other little children who had been given them.

The Children Come to the Rescue

Of all the towns in that populous section of India Sambhalpur seemed to be the most unhealthy. Fever came, and the missionaries learned that as these children had been saved by them from starvation, so they in their turn must be dependent upon the kindly offices of their little charges. Baby Phillips went home to the gentle Lord of little children. The burden of grief which oppressed the parents did not tend to lessen the severity of the attacks of fever from which they were suffering. Young Silas was solicitude itself, and showed himself

ready to undertake the many little tasks about the house which proved too much for the fever-racked frames of the missionaries.

A Slender Staff

What a staff with which to begin the great task of battering down the gates of entrenched heathenism in a great pagan province such as Bengal! But the missionary couple in their weakness and ill health had at their command the mightiest force in the universe and were not dismayed in the face of such fearful odds. They prayed, and God answered their prayer.

Soon Mr. Phillips was left alone, with no sympathizing friend from the homeland near to help him to bury his dead. As he stood tearless and silent beside the grave of his loved wife the little hand of Silas crept into his, and a strange sense of comfort touched his heart. But soon the missionary, himself stricken with fever, was beyond thinking and caring for others, and the heavy burden of the home fell upon the Indian child.

Silas Knows What to Do

Silas did not quite know what to do, but he could pray to Jesus, and this he did. "O Christ, tell me what to do for Papa Phillips."

Did ever such prayer go unanswered? Certainly not on this occasion. Silas had an idea. Seeking a sharp piece of nail to use as a stylus, he laboriously scratched a little letter upon a palm-leaf.

Mama Phillips is dead. Papa Phillips is very ill, and unless you come quickly and get him, he will die also.

This he addressed to the missionaries at Cuttack, but how was he to get it to them? Silas was a friendly soul, and the mail-man was numbered among the list of his admirers.

"Mr. Postman," said Silas, "Papa Phillips is very ill and unless we can get help for him, he will die. Do you think you could get this letter to Cuttack."

"Yes indeed," was the response, "I myself will carry it as far as I go, and then I will put it in the hands of my friend who covers the next mail-route with a message to see that it gets to its destination. Have no fear, little lad."

So the letter reached Cuttack, and aid was sent. Thus Silas saved the life of Rev. Jeremiah Phillips. The latter subsequently settled in Balasore, founding not only a mission but also a missionary family, eighteen members of which have since given 220 years of service to India.

An Appeal to America

The attention of the Free Baptists of America was called to the needs of Bengal-Orissa through a letter written by Dr. Amos Sutton, an English missionary of the General Baptists. The story is a singularly interesting example of the providential responses which follow the prayer of faith in the opening of the great world fields.

Doctor Sutton's heart had been greatly burdened with the needs of Bengal. He had recently witnessed the cruelties connected with the worship of the god Jagannath, and realizing that the slender resources of his own church were unequal to the task of evangelizing the great field, he was moved to write a stirring appeal to the Free Baptists of America.

" Come then, my American brethren," he wrote, " come over and help us."

He had planned to issue the letter in the official paper of American Free Baptists, but found that neither he nor his wife could recall the name of the publication.

A Providential Circumstance

The letter lay untouched for months in the desk where Doctor Sutton had regretfully placed it upon realizing that the address was unobtainable, until one day a package arrived from England carefully wrapped in printed paper. What was his joy to discover that among the wrappings was a copy of *The Morning Star,* the magazine in which he had designed to publish his appeal.

The letter was sent with many a prayer, and in due time appeared in the columns of the paper. The effect produced by it was beyond Doctor Sutton's most sanguine dreams. A foreign missionary society was formed at North Parsonsfield, Me., in the autumn of 1832, which became known as the Freewill Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

The Origin of Balasore

Balasore became the first main station of the new Society. A curious legend of the origin of Balasore is related by Miss Sadie B. Gowen:

> About 170 miles southwest of Calcutta is the city of Balasore, situated on the Burabalang (Old Twister) River. 'Tis said that during some historical period a Hindu female deity was passing through this section of country, and at a place north of here she cleaned her teeth, and from that fact the town took its significant name of Dantoon; a little farther she washed her

face, and that place became Jellasore; still farther south she completed her toilet by combing her hair, and that place became Balasore. How much of this may be fiction I cannot say but Balasore is an interesting reality at the present time.

From Balasore as a center the work has gradually reached out into the entire surrounding area, and it is now carried on from ten stations: Bhadrak, Bhimpore, Chandbali, Contai, Jamshedpur, Jellasore, Kharagpur, Midnapore, Santipore, Balasore.

The Doctor Lends a Hand

From the earliest days the missionaries of Balasore understood the value of medical work in opening closed hearts and unlocking doors. Doctor Bacheler was the first Free Baptist medical missionary. We, who through the familiarity of long usage have lost the sense of wonder at the marvels of modern medical science, can hardly understand what it means to the depressed peoples of such an area as Bengal to have brought to their doors the best products of the painstaking experimentation and research which have done so much in our own land to wipe out pain, and rob sickness of its terrors. Many of the most ordinary medical and surgical measures for relief seemed to these backward people well-nigh miraculous.

An All-round Physician

Doctor Bacheler was an all-round physician and surgeon. He compounded his own drugs and added dentistry to his accomplishments. He revived the teaching practise of the physicians of antiquity and conducted a peripatetic medical class. From village to village his disciples

accompanied him, listening to his talks on theory and practise as they walked, and the instructions by the wayside were often varied by prayer.

A Modern Miracle

Doctor Bacheler was the first to use chloroform in Bengal. The native point of view in respect to the case was original and startling.

"Friend," said one villager to another, "have you heard what the great foreign Doctor Sahib has done?"

"No, no. Tell me," was the eager response.

"He has killed one of his patients."

"Killed some one! No, no. You are mistaken. It cannot be. The Doctor Sahib has always been kind and gentle, and his skill is marvelous. He would never do such a thing as that."

"Ah, but he did though. Wait till you hear the story."

"Very well, tell it to me. I am all ears."

"Not long ago a patient went to him with a sore illness. The doctor recognized the illness at once, for he is very, very wise. 'I cannot cure you with medicine;' said he, 'I must use the knife.' 'But it will hurt me very much,' the patient replied. 'No,' answered the doctor, 'I will give you medicine and you will feel no pain.'"

"Marvelous!" murmured the second villager, "and could he indeed thrust his knife into the body without causing pain?"

"Listen, and you shall hear. The Doctor Sahib prayed to his God. Then he gave medicine to the sick man—gave it through his nose and mouth—and the patient lost all consciousness and lay there dead on the table."

"Terrible! Was the Doctor Sahib greatly frightened?"

"Nay, for he took his knife quickly and cut out the diseased part, and then he did a miracle upon the sick man."

"What was that?"

"He raised him to life again. The man's eyes opened, he moved his head, and then he spoke. We asked him if he felt any pain, and he said 'No.' But how could he when he was dead? Surely the Doctor Sahib's prayers are very powerful."

Healing and Preaching

Doctor Bacheler's work has been continued by a line of able and devoted medical men and women, including Dr. James L. Phillips who added medical skill to his unusual preaching ability, Dr. Mary Bacheler, Dr. A. L. Kennan, and Dr. H. R. Murphy.

Relief from physical suffering has time and again opened the way for the missionary to present the one reliable cure for soul ailments. Dr. J. L. Phillips says that one day when galloping toward a market his horse was stopped suddenly by a huge buffalo prostrate in the road. His right hind leg was out of joint, and the people standing about did not know how to help the poor creature. But after the missionary showed how to relieve the animal of its distress, he took the occurrence as a text and at once had an audience of ready listeners.

A Man Who Knew How to Pray

The name of Milo Coldren is tenderly remembered by all who are familiar with the history of the work in Bengal. Miss Emily Barnes emphasizes the sunny character of his Christian faith.

There was sunshine wherever he went [she writes]. To this day in one of the homes on College Hill, Hillsdale, where he was loved, there is an old desk; and they would not part with it because it was Milo Coldren's when he was in college. He was very sincere and earnest in his Christian life. He had early felt the call to foreign missionary work, and he wanted to be sure it was God's will, not simply his own desire; he must know. He had a Sunday-school class of girls—happy, fun-loving, frolicsome girls; and he prayed, "Lord, if you want me to go to India, let some one in my class be moved to tears." The next Sunday as he was teaching the lesson, one of the most unlikely girls burst into a perfect flood of tears. So he had his answer.

Mr. Coldren's prayers were of a practical nature. A home and schoolhouse were to be built in Chandbali, but unfortunately trouble arose, and there was great difficulty in securing workmen. Long afterward one of the carpenters told the story:

"Coldren Sahib prayed to God for carpenters, and I was one who went from Bhadrack."

"Always Cheerful" was Coldren's favorite song.

In Chandbali he used to have early prayer-meetings at the house with his workers. One day one of them came saying, "I feel so light and happy today, I don't know why." And Mr. Coldren replied: "So do I, and I don't know why. There hasn't been anything special here to make us so." He noted the date. About a month from that time came a letter from America, saying there had been very special prayer for them at that time. And strength and courage and joy came into the lives of those for whom the American friends prayed 10,000 miles away.

A Direct Leading

In working for the Hindus Mr. Coldren did not forget the spiritual needs of foreigners with whom he came in

contact. Perhaps no class of men are so much in need of spiritual help as those who drift to Oriental shores in miscellaneous commercial or seafaring tasks. There was laid upon Mr. Coldren's heart one day a strong impression that he must go to Calcutta by a steamer which had just arrived at Chandbali. In childlike faith he went, not having the slightest idea what he was to do when he got there. In the common room of the hotel at which he had put up a man sat down beside him late in the evening. Mr. Coldren was convinced that his mission lay with this man. In long and earnest conversation the man told him of his troubled and sin-stained life, and confessed that he had been on his way to self-destruction when he had been impelled to enter the coffee-room. Instead of ending his troubles in suicide, Mr. Rae, for that was his name, found Christ. Coldren realized that his mission was accomplished and took Rae back with him to Chandbali. The latter afterward did faithful service as a preacher both in Hindustani and English.

A Stammering Tongue

Doctor Hamlen has written of the remarkable effect of Coldren's speech in spite of his inability thoroughly to master the native tongue.

> It was his constant intercourse with God that made him such a power in winning men. He often lamented his poor command of the vernacular. He shrank from preaching in it at our quarterly and annual gatherings. Yet his broken speech very often accomplished far more than the more perfect language of others. The channel had fewer obstacles in him than in most of us, so that the life-giving stream was deeper, fuller, and broken speech hindered less than broken touch with God.

Shutting Out Christ

Women's lot in India is a very, very bitter one. The seclusion of the zenana was a barrier which bid fair to shut out Christ from the hearts of those who most needed him. The sorrowful, throbbing mystery of the Orient is in the very word. A writer speaks of the zenanas as follows:

> Oh these zenanas! What mysterious places they are! You see nothing from the outside but a wall, or a mud house without a wall; but you follow your guide, and go and go, turning corners, passing through dark, covered passages through one place and then another, till at last you arrive at the inevitable court, open to the sky.

Little Mary, the daughter of Doctor Bacheler, who herself later carried on a wonderful work of healing for Hindu women, was instrumental in opening the first Mohammedan zenana to the missionaries.

A God-directed Errand

Doctor Bacheler had been called to attend a woman who was dangerously ill. She was concealed as far as possible behind blankets from the strange man. But little Mary who accompanied her father could enter where the Doctor was forbidden. Her childish prattle greatly pleased the patient. It was doubtless the prayer life of the missionary home which gave the child the spiritual equipment to answer so wisely.

"Will you come and see me again?" said the sick woman to the child.

It seemed as though her answer was given her by God. In her simple directness she replied, "Yes, I will gladly come, if mother may come with me."

And so the missionary mother entered, with her gentle compassion, wise counsel, and above all, with the story of the Christ who has so changed woman's status in other lands. Thus began a definite and aggressive effort to reach the women of Bengal. Later Dr. Mary W. Bacheler became a zenana teacher and eventually carried on the medical work started by her father.

A Pagan Who Prayed

No story more strikingly sums up and illustrates the sorrows of India's womanhood than that of Chundra Lela. If God hears the prayers of a pagan he surely heard the living prayers she offered through years of earnest seeking after satisfaction of soul.

Chundra Lela was the daughter of a Brahman priest. She was married at seven, but was kept at home because she was so young. At nine she was a widow, one of the most despised creatures of India. Women ordinarily received no education whatever in India in those days, but Chundra Lela's father, a learned man, taught her to read the sacred books and to write. Her life was probably less terrible than that of most child widows. She accompanied her father on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Jagannath, and while upon the journey he succumbed to its rigors.

Searching for God

Returning home Chundra Lela spent much time with the holy books, and this study finally led her to conceive the plan of starting out on a pilgrimage in search of the vision of God and forgiveness of sin. Barely fourteen years of age, she began the long and perilous journey to

the four extremities of India. Picture the little child, prematurely old with burdens beyond the conception of children in Christian lands, toiling along the dusty paths, repeating Hindu prayers and counting her sacred beads, worshiping at each wayside shrine, bowing before idols, and making gifts to priests.

Dumb Prayers

Years passed, and the austerities and sufferings of the painful pilgrimage brought her no peace. One day the band of pilgrims reached Midnapore. The king of the territory sent gifts to the band, but Chundra Lela was not of the class which makes a pretense of holiness to gain an easy living. She refused the gifts, and when the King, whose curiosity had been excited by such a singular course on the part of a holy pilgrim, made further inquiry, she replied that she was trying to find God and forgiveness of sin.

An interval of relative peace began for the weary pilgrim, for the king induced her to remain in Midnapore to teach Sanskrit to the women of the palace. But her heart was still longing for God, and dumb prayers ascended to him.

Willing to Suffer for the Sake of Light

Her next spiritual experiment was self-torture. Miss Margaret Burton tells some of the details of her story:

> From midnight until daylight each night she stood in front of an idol, standing on one foot, with the other drawn up against it, imploring the god to reveal himself to her. In the cooler months, instead of this, she spent the night sitting in a pond of water, up to her neck, counting over her sacred beads.

CABINET WORK AT THE BALASORE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

The Answer at Last

Can we who know so little of the agony of spiritual longing thus depicted doubt that the God whom she knew not was listening in tender compassion and preparing to answer? The answer came when, some time later, a friend presented her to Miss Julia Phillips of the American Free Baptist Mission, who in turn introduced her to Christ.

This was the beginning of a new life of service in which Chundra Lela brought her intimate knowledge of the Indian heart to the task of answering the ignorant prayers of India's women for spiritual light.

Praying in Wood and Iron

"An honestly made table is really a kind of prayer, for it can only come from an honest heart," wrote Mr. V. G. Krause. The work at Balasore thrived on prayer. Prayer was responsible for the beginning of the Boys' Industrial School. It never could have existed apart from prayer. There had been an orphanage in Balasore for some years, but the missionaries who watched over the young lives committed to their care, were distressed by the painful lack of character often exhibited. They came to the conclusion that handwork was needed both for the training of the spirit and in order to prepare the boys to support themselves.

Petition to a Government Official

Sometimes God answers prayer by leading the petitioner to carry his petition to some one who may be used as the instrument in answering it. Mrs. Burkholder, Mr.

Hare, Mr. Hamlen, and others had prayed for funds to start the industrial school, but the answer had not been received. Finally it occurred to Mr. Hamlen that by building on the meager foundation already possessed in the orphanage a real school might be started with a much smaller sum than had been deemed necessary. He prayed to God, but took his petition also to the local magistrate, Mr. Agasti, and it was through the latter and the members of the District Board that the answer was given.

Small Beginnings

The beginning was small. They employed a tailor to teach the boys to sew. A carpenter was working on the mission buildings Some of the boys were placed under his instruction.

From this the work grew. The products of the school were sold and soon began to make the school partially self-supporting. Blacksmithing, machine-work, cane- and rattan-work, bookbinding, polishing, building, and drawing were added. The boys made rapid progress. A high standard of quality was set and maintained. The very effort in striving to reach this standard became a real factor in building honesty, accuracy, determination, faithfulness, genuineness, and diligence into the character of the boys. Above all they learned to follow Christ the Carpenter of Judea, who became to them Christ the Master and Lord.

Larger Results

The school has become the largest and best-equipped industrial school in all India. One year the sale of school products amounted to nearly $10,000. But the best prod-

ucts of the school are not in wood and iron. Mr. Krause tells the following story:

Four years ago an English lady in the station sent us a waif that her husband, a deputy magistrate, had picked up on a tour in the country. He was put into our Christian hostel and worked in the iron-working shop. He attended our church and Sunday school and was later baptized. After three years at our school he was sent to the Tata Iron Works and placed in the machine-shop there. He has made good. His training he received without expense to the Mission, for he was paid wages at the Industrial School which went for his board and clothes. He was a self-supporting student. What he would have been doing today had he remained in his village we can only judge by the character of his associates who were all low-caste Hindus. What he is today we do know, for the Mission reached him, taught him, influenced him, and sent him out to be a good workman and a Christian.

Dominated by Prayer

The whole school day is dominated by the early hour of prayer. The school opens at six o'clock in the morning during the summer and seven o'clock in the winter. The chaplain, as they designate him, is always present at this time, and as soon as the roll is called he leads in a song and after reading the selected Scripture explains its meaning and application to the lives and work of the listeners. A prayer is then offered. The devotional period is held daily. It is compulsory for all members of the school, whether Christian, Hindu, Mussulman, or aboriginal; a good beginning for a day's work, and one whose influence upon the lives of those men and boys cannot be measured. Alert from the night's rest all hearts turn first to God, and every effort of the day reveals the effect.

Union of Baptists

It was at the General Conference, Ocean Park, Me., July, 1910, that Free Baptists voted to cooperate with Baptists of the Northern Baptist Convention in mission work. By this vote the Bengal-Orissa field was brought into relationship with the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. The same blessing which has always characterized the work continued.

The Battle of Prayer

It is perhaps difficult for American Christians to realize the terrific battle which the missionaries wage for the souls of men in India. Truly they "wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." No such battle can be carried on except in the might of prayer. Mr. H. I. Frost tells a story which graphically pictures this struggle. We do well to remember that prayer accompanied every effort made in this case.

Gangadhar Jhee

In the little village of Haldipada there were ten or twelve Christians. A young man named Gangadhar Jhee came to teach in the adjacent village of Kundupur where there were no Christians. He knew little of Christianity but soon fell in with the Christians of Haldipada. He talked with them, became interested and read the tracts which were given him. The people of his village rebuked and warned him. Finally they became abusive on discovering that Gangadhar persisted in his course. The pastor in the neighboring village brought him to the missionary in Balasore.

"What has attracted you to our religion?" the missionary asked.

"The unreality of the worship of idols and the sense of the truth of your religion," was the reply.

"Do you wish to become a Christian?"

"Yes," Gangadhar answered.

"I hope you will be baptized soon," observed the missionary who knew the battle which lay before the young man.

"No, I wish to wait awhile."

"But there is danger in delay. Why not take the step soon?"

"I must help my parents."

And here the young man stuck. Nor could he be persuaded to see the matter in another light. If ever missionary wrestled for the soul of man Mr. Frost prayed for Gangadhar that day.

"I will come back in a few days. I must go home now," said the young man as he was leaving.

Sure enough he returned on a Sunday not long afterward. His father followed him to Haldipada entreating him not to take the fatal step. The young man's heart was torn, but he was firm and followed Christ in baptism.

"It is impossible for me to describe, or for you to imagine the struggle that took place in that young man's heart," writes Mr. Frost. But it should be remembered that the missionary was walking with him through the deep waters. And every step onward was taken in the strength of the prayers offered by God's servant.

The parents were heart-broken at the loss of their son. "Your mother is crazy with grief, she will not eat, she

beats her head upon the floor, and is likely to kill herself," his companions told him.

Gangadhar's heart was touched "I must go back a little," he said, "They will try to keep me. Pray for me."

And the missionary prayed. Many of the Christians prayed too. A week later Gangadhar came back. They had tried to keep him by force. All his money had been taken from him, and he had suffered much for Christ. But he had escaped and fled to the Mission. Finally Gangadhar became the teacher at Haldipada, and he continues there to this day, carrying on the same spiritual battle for the souls of men which the missionary had fought for him and using the same great weapon of prayer.

Learning from Indian Christians

Do not suppose for a moment that it is the missionary alone who appeals to the Lord of the harvest and transacts prayer business with God. Today India's children are teaching us many lessons of earnestness in prayer and service.

At the conference held in Balasore, 1922, Prabodh Babu said:

> If India is ever to be won to Christ, it must be won by us. . . Shall we always be supported by foreign money, shall we always hear the Hindus say, "This is a foreign religion"? Shall we not rise and say, "We will build our churches, support our preachers, and feed our poor"?

This Indian leader set the note for the conference, and it proved to be one of the most remarkable conferences held in the history of the mission. Mr. Zo D. Browne wrote of it:

An atmosphere of prayer prevailed. Men and women prayed. It was not spiritual dumb-bell exercise; it was fellowship with God. It was not familiarity; it was laying hold of the meaning of "Our Father." It was not begging; it was entering into the purposes and projects of God. The conference ended on their knees, waited in weakness that they might walk in power. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray. . ." This atmosphere of prayer began an atmosphere of expectancy. No one can live in an atmosphere of prayer without beginning to look for something to happen.

Balasore Today

In the Balasore field and the stations growing out of it today there are a Boys' High School and Industrial School, an orphanage, three girls' schools, a home for widows, hospital, dispensary, 21 churches, 126 schools, a church-membership of 1,574; 122 members were added by baptism in 1923.

Surely God has answered the prayers of the little mission group who nearly a century ago planned and prayed for the evangelization of this great field.

A Prayer

O Thou compassionate Lord who didst hear the prayers of thy servants who so long ago, amid suffering, sickness, privation, and trial besought thy mercy upon the great land of Bengal, and through the years hast led and blessed their successors in the struggle for the souls of men who dwell in darkness and poverty; grant, we beseech thee, new outpourings of thy grace to all who serve in Balasore.

Give unto us a new understanding of the bitter battle they are waging, and help us to add the strength of our

own souls' powers in earnest prayer that new victories may be won in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

Suggested Questions for Class Discussion of Chapter V

1. What value do you place upon the prayers of little children and untrained Christians?
2. How do you explain the presence of the copy of the "Morning Star" in the package reaching Doctor Sutton from the homeland?
3. What part should prayer take in the daily routine of a missionary doctor's task?
4. What values were there in the many prayers offered by Chundra Lela in the days of her wandering?
5. What contribution may we expect from Christians in Oriental lands to our understanding of the Christian faith?

VI

PRAYER BUILDS A GREAT COLLEGE

HOW THE BOXER REBELLION OPENED SHANGHAI

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VI

Moseley prays a queer prayer and Morrison is thrust out into world service.
A hurricane of persecution sweeps over the Chinese church.
Out of the fires a new China is born.
The missionaries gather in Shanghai and pray.
Restudying the task.
Northern and Southern Baptists join forces.
Praying a theological school into the wickedest city in the world.
Mr. Chang finds out the meaning of prayer.
Science leads to the God of science.
Shanghai College becomes great through prayer.

PRAYER BUILDS A GREAT COLLEGE

How the Boxer Rebellion Opened Shanghai

A Queer Prayer

"That was a queer prayer you prayed this morning, pastor. What's the use of bothering God about those China folk beyond the sea?"

It was a novelty to hear the pastor pray for missions in the Midlands of England at the end of the eighteenth century. Indeed, modern missions had hardly begun. Hence the question which one of the vestrymen addressed to the pastor at the close of the service.

"It was impossible to refrain from that prayer, my friend. All the week Captain Jones has been filling my ears with stories which he brings from the China Coast. He talks of the abdication of the old emperor and the accession of his son Kia-K'ing."

"But why should that disturb you?"

"Because opium has become a mighty curse in that land and Kia-K'ing has issued a decree against its use."

"Haven't our merchants had a good deal of trouble with the Chinese officials?"

"Yes. They have been much oppressed. Two or three years ago King George III sent Lord Macartney to Peking as an ambassador from this country to seek redress. He was received with courtesy but treated as the representative of an inferior and subject people. They refused to give him any satisfaction."

"Then why pray for such a people?"

" Because they are a great nation, numbering hundreds of millions, who have no knowledge of the true God and of his Son Jesus Christ our Saviour."

News filtered but slowly into Northamptonshire from the great somnolent empire of China in 1798. Why should Rev. William Moseley concern himself with masses of yellow-skinned Orientals, no one of whom he had ever seen? True he had a map of the far Eastern Empire, but it was faulty in construction and meager in detail. He knew that British merchants carried on a flourishing trade with China in opium, tea, and silks, although Canton was the only port open to foreign trade. Perhaps this was sufficient to stimulate his imagination to the point of effective prayer. In any case the burden of China's millions lay heavy upon his heart, and his public prayer at morning worship was supplemented by many a private petition for the masses of China's people in the thousands of walled cities and villages lying beyond trading port and imperial capital.

How Moseley's Prayer led to Morrison's Appointment

Prayer led to action, and in 1798 Moseley issued a little paper bearing a ringing appeal for the translation of the Scriptures into the Chinese language. This it was which led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and later to the appointment of Robert Morrison as a missionary to China by the London Missionary Society.

When Morrison went to China in 1807, the noble pioneer of a great company of able missionaries who have since followed him, it seemed a mighty venture of faith to hope that in a hundred years there might possibly

be two thousand Christians in China. It took seven years for Morrison to win the first, but the two-thousand mark was reached long before the close of the century.

The Boxer Uprising and the Christian Church

In 1865 Morrison's prayer was answered and thereafter the work went forward with cumulative power, until the years 1899-1900, when the Chinese Christian church underwent its baptism of fire in the Boxer Uprising.

The latter movement seems to have been in its origin a secret association of malcontents, a sort of political Cave of Adullam. Its Chinese name literally translated would read "the Fist of Righteous Harmony." Outrages upon native Christians and threats against foreigners increased rapidly. During the dreadful period covered by the rebellion 135 missionaries, besides 52 children and 16,000 Chinese Christians, perished, often after horrible tortures.

"Exterminate the Foreigners and Save the Dynasty"

It was out of these years of agony that the new China was born. Experienced missionaries felt that the Boxer Rebellion had put back the cause of missions by decades, but the very opposite proved to be the case. The worst fury of the outbreak was confined to the north. The Empress Dowager, alarmed by the sweeping changes which were being rapidly brought about by the young Emperor Kuang Hsu, imprisoned the latter and instituted a reign of terror against the reform party. This encouraged Boxers to wilder outbreaks of bigotry and frenzy. Their banners often displayed the device, "Exterminate the foreigners and save the dynasty."

The destruction of Christian villages and the demolition

of churches and mission compounds forced the missionaries from interior points to flee to the relative safety of the port cities. Well-nigh incredible stories are told of the heroism and devotion which characterized the conduct of foreign missionaries and native Christians alike. The experiences of these dreadful days placed the brand of faleshood forever on the ancient taunt "rice Christian" which it had been customary to fling at Chinese converts.

The Missionaries Take Refuge in Shanghai

Many of the missionary refugees from Northern Baptist Stations were forced to take up temporary residence in Shanghai and true to their calling they occupied the period of enforced exile from their regular fields of labor in efforts to do the Master's work in the great city where they were for the time residing. They discovered fifty or more Chinese Baptists who had moved from various parts of the provinces for business purposes and for other reasons. Here was the nucleus of a church. It was organized in 1901 and has since grown to vigor and self-support.

The period of relative inactivity gave opportunity for a thorough review of all the work which had been undertaken by the mission and for the reorganization of plans. In the light of Shanghai's present importance it seems singular that the work at that point could ever have been conducted as an outpost of Ningpo. It was recognized that the time had come for a change. Recent events had added redoubled emphasis to the importance of the native leader, as a prime factor in the evangelization of the land.

Restudying the Foundations

The lurid glare of burning mission buildings, the piercing cries of outraged and massacred converts, the frenzy of the infuriated antiforeign mob was in the background of the thinking of the little group of missionaries gathered in Shanghai. Their ideas regarding the great task for which they had come to this land were shaken to the very foundations. Many a preconceived notion was overthrown, and things of basic importance were forced into high relief as their vision, both mental and spiritual, was quickened by the elemental experiences through which they had been passing. Clearly the stigma "foreign" must be removed from the Christian church of China. The foreign missionary could never hope to bring the masses of China to Christ. The work must be done by trained Chinese Christians. Shanghai was seen to be the natural center for the work of training, and plans were placed on foot for the establishment in that city of a Baptist theological seminary and college.

Northern and Southern Baptists Join Forces

The new project furnished occasion for Northern and Southern Baptists to enter into a piece of really worthwhile cooperative work. In September, 1906, buildings were rented in which to begin the classes, and two missionaries were set aside as teachers. Dr. R. L. Bryan represented Southern Baptists and was president of the Seminary. Rev. F. J. White, formerly of Shaohsing, was the Northern Baptist representative, and with these two brethren were associated two Chinese teachers. Twenty-six students were enrolled at the first session of the

school. From the very beginning the institution was earnestly evangelistic in its character. Prayer-meetings, evangelistic services, or Bible lectures were held each night, the students taking part in services in different parts of the city. Four evangelistic bands were organized, which visited surrounding towns and villages on preaching tours.

Far Eastern Romance

The essence of Far Eastern romance is compressed into the name Shanghai. The broad sweep of the Pacific Ocean carries one from the Golden Gate of San Francisco to this great city of the Orient. The name has even crept into the English language as a verb. Where is the lad whose pulses do not beat more quickly and whose eye does not brighten with new interest when he hears the expression "to Shanghai"? It is reminiscent of sea-rovers and wild marine adventures. The mystery of temple bells and incense-laden breezes is in it.

The Gateway of a Continent

And rightly so, for Shanghai lies at the very gate of the mighty mysterious continent of Asia. It girdles the mouth of that great twisting serpent, the Yangtze River, as it winds its way down to the sea—a river of rivers with a population two and a half times as great as that of the United States, living in the basin drained by its tributaries. The Yangtze brings laden houseboats, river steamers, whispered stories of strange peoples, and Shanghai strains and sifts them all before they make their impact upon the world without. And on the other hand, Shanghai gathers to herself the burden of freight

SHANGHAI BAPTIST COLLEGE

and foreign passengers brought by great ocean liners from all over the world, and sorts them out before permitting them entrance to the celestial land.

The Wickedest City in all the World

Shanghai has been called the wickedest city in all the world. Perhaps it is. God knows it is wicked enough in all conscience. But where sin abounds grace may much more abound. Hence Shanghai Theological Seminary and College. Its campus lies on the bank of the Yangtze, and every ship that enters or leaves port must pass before it. The first sight that greets the visitor to Shanghai by water is the group of buildings of the Shanghai Baptist College and Seminary.

Praying a Theological School into Shanghai

Oh, it took some praying to wedge a theological seminary and college into wicked Shanghai. Doctor Bryan and Doctor White prayed. They prayed together, and they prayed separately. They prayed with their hearts and with their heads. They prayed with their pens, with their tongues, with their hands, with their muscles, and even with their sweat. Such men as these make all life a prayer. They lived, worked, talked, ate, slept, and dreamed Shanghai. They pushed, pulled, and boosted for Shanghai. They gave, begged, and borrowed for Shanghai. They appreciated, criticized, improved, and loved Shanghai.

Pragmatic Prayer

God loves pragmatic prayer and always answers it. In 1907 the writer saw the raw, desolate site along the river-

bank, a good part of it newly made land. Today it is a garden of the Lord. Thousands of trees and shrubs, well-kept lawns and neatly swept walks please the eye, while noble buildings, dignified and impressive, house the activities of a truly great institution which stands not only as a spiritual protest but as a great counteracting force against the wickedness of wicked Shanghai, while at the same time it sends a stream of trained Chinese Christian leaders into the muddy current of China's human Yangtze.

Mr. Chang Goes to Shanghai

Mr. Chang (we will call him that although it was not his name) lived in the village of Ku-Ch'eng. He had heard of Shanghai College and wished to go there, but met with a good deal of opposition from his friends and relatives. It seemed to them that Chang was tempting the gods in proposing to go to Shanghai. We can well imagine the conversation that took place.

"Why do you want to go to the foreign school, Chang?"

"Because I am very anxious to learn English. One can gain a large salary with the trading companies in Shanghai if only one can speak well the language of the foreign devils."

"But couldn't you learn it at the government school?"

"Yes, but not so well. The instructors in the Government School are Chinese, and some of them do not speak English clearly."

"Have you not heard that many of the students who go to the Mission School become worshipers of the foreign joss Yasu?"

"Yes, I have heard so, but it will not happen to me, for I am strongminded and shall never become a Christian."

"What would your honorable ancestors say to your submitting yourself to such a danger?"

"They would commend me for making use of the foreigner to my own advantage."

"You seem very sure of yourself, brother Chang, but I have heard that they have many ways of making Christians out of the unwary boys who go to those schools. They use a black magic, and the boys cannot help themselves."

"Do not fear for me. The currents of wind and water are favorable. I shall get nothing but good by going to the school."

"You are very foolish. I fear greatly lest you should dishonor your ancestors and learn to neglect your father's grave."

"Have I not learned true filial piety all my life? I must not neglect this opportunity to get the best English. By and by I shall come back with much money gained from the foreign companies which need interpreters."

"Promise me, brother Chang, that you will never, never become a Christian."

A Strange School

The promise was readily given, and young Chang went off with a light heart to Shanghai to enter college. But he had reckoned without his host. There were difficulties to be encountered in this strangest of all schools. His own words give us the story of his inner experiences.

In school they had prayers every morning and evening. I did not mind the morning prayers, because then we all stood up, but in the evening when we knelt down, I was very uncomfortable. I did not kneel; I just stooped as if I were kneeling; and was determined not to become a Christian. I wrote to my friend that I could not stay at the school because I was very unhappy, but he advised me to stay till the end of the term now that I had commenced.

Praying for Chang

Everybody was very kind to young Chang, especially the teachers and the Christian students. One day he

found himself alone in a classroom with the college Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

"Chang," said the Secretary, "we are glad you have come here to school. Do you like it here?"

"Oh yes, I like it very much. That is, in most respects."

"Well, we want you to feel really at home. The fellows think a good deal of you. Indeed, if you don't mind my saying so, some of us have been praying for you."

"What do you mean by 'praying for me'?"

"We believe you would find life much more worth while if you were a Christian, and we are praying that you may become a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"I shall never be a Christian, Mr. Secretary, and I do not know anything about your Jesus Christ."

"Well, Chang, you really ought to know about Jesus, for you can never be a well-educated man until you are familiar with his teachings. Will you read this New Testament if I give it to you?"

"I should greatly value your honorable gift and will read it with pleasure," replied Chang, thinking to himself: "Well, there will be no harm in reading the book anyway. I can shut it up if I do not like it."

The Book Makes Chang Unhappy First and then Happy

But young Chang had not realized the potency of the Book. He recites simply but graphically the effect which it had upon him:

The more I read it the more unhappy I became. As I studied the New Testament, I began to look within and discovered that I had no aim in life. I was just drifting.

Soon I decided to accept the teachings of Jesus without telling any one. But my conscience troubled me, and I stayed awake nights thinking of the redeeming work of Jesus Christ. He bled for me; he died for me; I must not be ashamed to own him.

So I made up my mind to be baptized right there where I was not known, but later, I decided to wait until I reached home, where I was baptized in the river before all my relatives and friends.

The Decay of Genius

China illustrates upon a colossal scale the decay of the intellect and the waning of inventive genius apart from the quickening and fructifying power of spiritual truth. Millenniums of slumber have well-nigh drowned the genius of the Chinese people. But her ancient history indicates the natural vigor of the Chinese mind. In ages now gone by, this nation produced the Great Wall and the Grand Canal. Its architects expressed themselves in pagodas and temples of unique beauty. Its inventors gave their people the cannon, gunpowder, the compass, and printing from movable type long before these were discovered by Western inventors. But the numbing influence of spiritual darkness checked the budding genius of the nation and plunged the people into the abyss of superstition.

Dr. F. C. Mabee, one of the members of the Shanghai faculty, gives some exceedingly interesting suggestions regarding the value of the science department in reenforcing the academic and evangelistic phases of the work. He says that the two things which strike the man of science when he reaches China are first the well-nigh universal use of man-power instead of steam-power, and second, the natural aptitude of the Chinese for mechanics. They have great mechanical instinct, and are very ingenious, but there are few places in the world where mechanism is less employed. The writer recalls seeing a

coolie in Shanghai staggering along behind a wheelbarrow on which seven people were riding.

Science Leads to the God of Science

The teaching of science is proving the handmaid of spiritual enlightenment. At Nanking University recently there was found a group of students who resolutely refused Christianity until they were invited one day by Doctor Gibbs to spend a little time with him in the biological department. Here they were shown the microorganisms of disease and gradually there unfolded before them a picture of God's orderly creation which completely drove from their thinking the ancient superstitions that peopled the air with spirits and located a great malevolent dragon a few inches beneath the surface of the soil. Every one of these young men became sincere and earnest Christians.

Teaching in a Christian Atmosphere

Doctor Mabee writes:

> Science will gradually strike off the shackles of superstition and ignorance; she will banish starvation and floods; she will cause the earth to multiply nourishment for the people, and she will liberate the masses from the grinding toil of almost ceaseless manual labor. But the teaching must be under Christian auspices. . . The persuasive preaching and living of the gospel must go hand in hand with the disappearance of superstition, and its disappearance is the accompaniment of the thoroughgoing teaching of the natural sciences.

Making Self-supporting Churches

The number of self-supporting Chinese churches is increasing rapidly, owing to the rise of a class of men and

women trained in such schools as Shanghai. They have been given the power to observe accurately and to reason clearly, and above all there has been implanted in their hearts the integrity which enables them to occupy important positions in the educational and industrial work of China. They are raising the economic standards of the people and increasing the number of self-supporting Chinese churches.

A College Prayer-meeting

Doctor Mabee gives another paragraph illustrating the splendid results of the classroom work at Shanghai:

> At prayer-meeting not long ago in the College chapel Kan I Crie said that he had held off from deciding to be a Christian a long time, but finally had been led through the course he was taking in geology to believe in God and in his Son Jesus Christ. Another student, Yu Shou Churin, said that astronomy had helped him to realize that there was a Creator of the universe, and he had decided to put his trust in him. Mr. Yu is making a splendid record in the American Consulate and in the North Gate Baptist Church, Shanghai. He is president of the Alumni Association of our Shanghai College. We are proud of him.

A Great Institution

Dr. F. J. White is now President of Shanghai Baptist College. His indefatigable energy and resourcefulness have made of it already a great institution. Its campus contains twenty-seven acres with a frontage of 800 feet on the river. The buildings are as follows:

Yates Hall, which contains offices, library, chapel, and classrooms.

Haskell Gymnasium, built and thoroughly equipped by Col. Edward H. Haskell, of Boston, Mass.

Science Hall, one of the best natural science buildings in China.

Breaker Hall, which contains classrooms and dormitory.

Evanston Hall, built for dormitory and social halls.

Junior Academy Building, containing dormitory and classroom facilities.

Senior Academy Building, dormitories, classrooms, and chapel.

The Woman's Building, a thoroughly equipped building for women students, containing in addition to dormitories, parlor, dining-room, classrooms for art, music, domestic science, and gymnasium.

Georgia Hall, the Kindergarten Normal Training Building, is under process of construction.

Model Primary School; McLeish Infirmary; College Dining Hall; Power-house; Eleanor Marie Hall; North Hall; 13 residences. Christ reigns in the work carried on in every hall and classroom, and the whole atmosphere of the institution is vibrant with his Spirit.

Christianity Through the Eyes of a Chinese Student

The following extract from a theme written for Doctor Huizinga's English work by one of the students illustrates the spirit among the students:

> The most interesting subjects which I have thus far studied are the Bible and English Literature. . . I know that what the soul is to the body, religion is to a nation. China now needs Christianity, and the Bible tells the truth of Christianity. Moreover, the Bible is my favorite mirror, which can reveal me to myself, and I shall not go far wrong in my daily transactions, my intercourse with my friends, and my duties toward college and teachers. Besides the Bible I find a great many things written in

the English books, which China can introduce to make her own, which can make her prosper. I wish to be capable of understanding these English books thoroughly, so that I can translate them into Chinese in order to make them very useful and helpful to my fellow countrymen.

So far as I know, a preacher must possess an exceedingly good character, a perfectly high standard of morality, and an undoubted belief in Jesus Christ. In addition to these essentials, he ought to know how to direct the church.

Now every one realizes that Christianity is the only hope of China and only through this religion can she be saved from chaos and ruin and brought to success and prosperity.

Women Are Enrolled in Shanghai

The growth of Shanghai College has been remarkable. During its first year the enrolment totaled forty-six students. From that little group it has grown to undreamed proportions, the last report showing that 700 students were enrolled. Although the question of coeducation has not been formally considered a new precedent was established, when for the first time, women were admitted to its classes, four being registered for the first term.

Permeating the Orient

Students came not only from the eighteen provinces of China, but from Singapore, Java, Borneo, Australia, Korea, and Manchuria. The college is thus endeavoring to serve the Chinese from Australia to Manchuria, and from Tibet to Japan. Through its students, the influence of the college is spread into all the corners of the Orient. So popular has the institution become that every year many students are refused admission because of lack of accommodations.

Miao Joins the Staff

The faculty consists of thirty-five foreign teachers and thirty Chinese teachers. Last year Mr. C. S. Miao, one of Shanghai's own graduates, returned to the institution as Assistant Professor of Religious Education after completing graduate studies and securing the degree of M. A. at Brown and Ph.D. at Yale. Knowing and loving the school he was able to enter at once into the heart of the work. It seemed that God had fitted him in a peculiar way, not only to do his part in the teaching work of the college but also to enter the lives of the students and to communicate to them the warmth and power of his own earnest Christian spirit. A recent letter from Dr. Miao speaks of new evangelistic achievements and deepening of the spiritual life of the institution. Twenty-five have volunteered for Christian service, twenty-nine have been won to Christ, and the power of the work is reaching out into the depths of the native city at the doors of the College.

What Prayer Can Do for a College

Begun in prayer, carried on with increasing earnestness in the spirit of prayer, it is no wonder that Mr. Ralph S. Harlow, missionary from Smyrna, could write on June 5, 1922:

> During the past two months I have been visiting missionary colleges in India, China, and Japan. None of the splendid colleges I have had the opportunity of seeing impressed me more than Shanghai College. For two weeks I lived on the campus and came into close contact with the faculty and students. . . While the educational standard is high and among the faculty

are some fine scholarly men and women, they have maintained a deep abiding evangelistic spirit.

A Prayer

Gracious Father, who dost look with compassion upon China's teeming millions lost in the darkness of a long night of superstition and ignorance, grant, we pray thee, thy quickening spirit to all who strive to bring about the dawning of a new day. Bless the schools and colleges which under the leadership of thine own servants are endeavoring to prepare men and women from among China's own sons and daughters to carry the message of Christ to their brothers and sisters throughout the great new republic, and grant that we who utter this petition may by prayer and gift enter with them into the fellowship of thy service, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Suggested Questions for Class Discussion of Chapter VI

1. Describe the attitude of the average Christian to foreign peoples before the beginning of the modern missionary movement.
2. What values came from the Boxer Movement?
3. Why should there be a college for Chinese Christians?
4. What place may prayer have in the program of a school? Give your own experiences.
5. What relation exists between the prayers of Bryan, White, and others and the success of Shanghai College?

VII

A PRISON PRAYER OPENS BURMA

THE GREATEST MISSION STATION IN THE WORLD: BASSEIN, BURMA

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VII

Praying to God behind prison bars.
A whole tribe prays.
A wild man is tamed by prayer.
Praying a province open.
Shway Meing keeps his engagement.
Moung Tin witnesses a good confession.
Moving the government by prayer.
A Karen home mission society.
Prayer finds a way out of the difficulty.
Praying for a saw-mill.
Praying together across the world.
God's response.

A PRISON PRAYER OPENS BURMA

The Greatest Mission Station in the World: Bassein, Burma

Thrust Into Prison

The door of the common room within the prison compound was pushed open, and a breath of damp night air entered the foul apartment as the new prisoner laden with three heavy chains was dragged within by his guards. A glance about the room was enough to strike terror to the heart of the newcomer. Sixty shackled unfortunates lay crowded together upon the floor, some made fast in the stocks, others strung upon poles and some merely fettered. A single dim lamp in the center of the room barely revealed the dreadful picture. The atmosphere reeked with foul prison odors.

A Companion of Judson

The savage guards goaded the prisoner toward the further end of the room, and here Doctor Price found five white fellow prisoners manacled in similiar fashion to himself, their feet tied together and a stout bamboo pole thrust between their legs. A place was made for him beside his friend Adoniram Judson, the pole was readjusted between the limbs of the entire group and hoisted from the floor so as to force the prisoners to lie upon their backs on the grease- and filth-covered floor without the possibility of obtaining relief by changing the position of the body.

"We all hoped you had escaped, you were so long in coming," were the words which greeted the new prisoner.

"I was apprehended this afternoon, and they have been examining me at the court-house," answered Doctor Price. "God help my poor wife and child."

"Now you have arrived our number is complete, and I suppose they will proceed to murder us," continued the first speaker.

"We must put our trust in God and believe that he will care not only for us but for our dear ones," broke in the voice of Judson. "We cannot sleep, the stench of this place is too horrible, and the pain in our limbs too terrible. Let us pass the time in prayer for our loved ones and for this land of darkness."

Prayer in a Prison

What a triumph of faith! Doctor Price's journal continues:

> We began to feel our strength. Our deliverer in this dark abode of misery and despair was he who said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you!" A calm sweet peace succeeded to our harried minds, and alternate prayer and repeating of hymns soon brought our minds to a comparative gladness and joy.

Then and there, in the foul prison at Ava in the month of June, 1824, Judson and Price claimed Burma for Christ and received in their souls the calm assurance of God's response which lifted them above the racking tortures of the prison.

"Nature shuddered," wrote Doctor Price, "but the soul was unshaken—our confidence was in the Rock of Ages."

A Karen Tribal Prayer

Years passed, and Mr. Judson was already beginning to see the answer to his prison prayer. Work had been opened in Moulmein and Tavoy. Reenforcements had arrived from the homeland and great interest had been aroused by the discovery of a tradition among the Karen tribes which foretold the coming of white men with a "white book." They believed in a Great Deliverer called *Taw Me Pa* which Doctor Nichols derives from two words meaning "boar tusk" and "father," thus indicating a strong defender and a loving caretaker. As for themselves the Karens believe that they had lost their own copy of the "white book" which stood for enlightenment and prosperity, but they believed also that the Great Deliverer was a brother of their own, white in complexion, who had preserved his copy, and when the missionary arrived with his wonderful white book many were prepared to welcome him as the fulfilment of their ancient prophecy. May we not believe that the tradition cherished for decades and centuries by the Karen people constituted a veritable prayer to the unknown Father for the coming of the news of the Deliverer for whom they longed, and may we not be very sure that the arrival of the missionaries was God's answer to the unspoken prayer of millions of wistful hearts?

Befriending the Karens

The simple untaught Karen soon found that the white missionary was disposed to become a true friend. The oppression of the dominant race of Burmans made friends needful, and many were the occasions when the

early missionaries intervened in their behalf. George Dana Boardman tells the story of a poor Karen who was befriended by Judson:

> He was charged, some time since, with stealing, and was put to the torture by Burmans on the Marlaban side of the river; but as he neither confessed the crime nor restored the lost property, he and his family (a wife and four children) were sold as slaves to a Burman on this side of the river. Their master treated them severely and managed to increase their debt continually so that they might be his slaves for life. Brother Judson, hearing of these facts from the Karen in his employ, paid the price of redemption (about 25 rupees) and set the family at liberty.

A Wild Man of the Jungle

Ko-Thah-Byu, the first Karen convert, was similarly purchased from slavery. He had been a wild man of the jungle. Robbery and murders were said to have been committed by him. But the prayer life of Judson's home soon had its effect upon him, and he was awakened to a full understanding and acceptance of the mighty truth of redemption in Christ Jesus.

Ko-Thah-Byu became at once an apostle to his own people, the Karens, and traveled repeatedly through distant sections of Pegu, from which state the American missionaries were debarred for many years. The growth of the work among the Karens thus started was very rapid. It was carried on by Karen pastors and superintended by Rev. E. L. Abbott from Sandoway, which lay in the province of Arracan, territory under the control of the British. It was Abbott's ambition to open a mission in the territory of Burma itself and he looked longingly toward Bassein.

Trying to Enter Pegu

Effort after effort was made by Mr. Abbott about the year 1840 to obtain entrance into Burmese territory, but each time he was prevented by hostile governors. The British resident of Sandoway, Mr. T. Morton, was exceedingly kind to Mr. Abbott and placed at his disposal a government schooner which enabled him to make extensive journeys down the coast and among the waterways of the province. In this manner he was often able to meet converts and pastors at convenient points and give them counsel and encouragement without actually penetrating the hostile area.

One of those won to the Master during these years of work from without was Shway Meing. Picture him, if you will, making his way through the jungle toward the rendezvous with his American friend. Eleven days he had wandered through the intricacies of the jungle paths. Four days would have been ample by the direct route, but bitter persecution had arisen against those who read the "white book," and it had been needful for him to evade pursuit.

Shway Meing is Faithful

The Burmese officer having jurisdiction over the area in which Shway Meing lived, was friendly, and had warned him more than once that the Governor of Bassein had his eye upon him particularly as a leading character among the Christians. Just before undertaking this journey he had met his officer friend in the village.

"Shway Meing," said the officer, "I do not believe I shall be able to protect you much longer."

"What is the matter, friend?" inquired Shway Meing.

"The governor is determined to kill the Christians. He knows you are a leader among them, and is troubling me because you live in my district."

"I am sorry you should suffer for my sake," replied the Christian, "but Jesus will reward you."

"You had better give up this Jesus religion of yours and your white book. If you do not the governor will certainly destroy you."

"I could not do that, my friend. Jesus gave his life for me. I must be true to him even though they slay me."

"Then the only thing left for you to do is to flee; so make haste about it."

It was only a little later that Shway Meing learned that the soldiers were on his track. Leaving his family with his brother and pulling down the little bamboo house which they had called home, he fled to the jungle villages. When the officers arrived and discovered the house gone they gave up the pursuit.

Through the tall grass, winding among the intricate paths of the jungle, over river and mountain Shway Meing made his way until he came to the mouth of the little creek where Mr. Abbott's boat was anchored. Four months previously the arrangements for the meeting had been made, and come persecution or distress the faithful servant of Christ was determined to keep the appointment.

The little group of Christians gathered to meet the teacher were full of joy upon hearing Shway Meing's story.

"Shway Meing," said Mr. Abbott, "why did you presume to come over into English territory to see me just now? You know that if the Burmese rulers learn of it

and succeed in capturing you, your sufferings will be all the greater."

"Yes, teacher, I know it," was the reply. "But I wished to come and see the teacher's face and hear his voice, and then go home and die."

Examining a New Disciple

But for the present, Shway Meing was full of life and joy. He joined gladly with those who had come from other sections to hear the Christian message. Nine were to be baptized coming from distant villages on the Burman side. One was Moung Tin. The little group of Christians gathered with Mr. Abbott for his examination. It was a serious thing to be a Christian in these days of persecution. Already many had been thrown into prison, fined, and even tortured. Were these candidates for baptism prepared to face persecution? Mr. Abbott determined to find out.

"Moung Tin," said he in the course of the examination for baptism, "supposing they capture you and put you to the torture, perhaps kill you, will you deny your Lord?"

Poor Moung was but a simple Christian and his past experience had been little calculated to endue him with heroic courage. He hesitated and stammered in his confusion.

"Teacher, I—I rather think so. I do not believe I should do as Peter did."

"Do you dare testify before God and this congregation, that you will endure to the death?"

"Ah, teacher," cried the timid disciple, "I am afraid, I am afraid. I dare not."

It was a period of bitter persecution. Mr. Abbott had good reason for wishing to be assured that these new disciples were prepared to count the cost. Again he put the question.

"Courage, Moung Tin, God gives grace and strength to his servants in every time of need. Think once again. Jesus died for you. Would you die for him if need be?"

He bowed his head to the floor and wept. The stillness of the grave pervaded the little assembly. Suddenly Moung Tin raised his head. Great tears rolled down his sable cheeks. His voice trembled, but it was very clear and true.

"Teacher—I think—I shall not deny my Lord—if he gives me grace—I can say no more."

Cruising for Christ

Up and down the coast Abbott's schooner cruised. The land presented a continued succession of unbroken hills, covered with jungle, apparently one vast forbidding wilderness. The Arracan mountains far away in the distance reared their majestic heads above the dense masses of clouds which hung around their base. In many places the hills extended quite down to the shore, and not infrequently high rocky points projected into the sea rendering the navigation of the coast dangerous in the extreme. Where the coast was level it was covered with groves of mangrove trees, and at high tide with salt water.

The Government Cannot Withstand Prayer

Bassein was the natural center for all the Sgaw Karen work in this area, and the Abbotts looked with longing eyes toward this city, earnestly desiring to establish a

permanent work in the midst of the people who had rallied to the cross in such numbers from this district. After a time the persecution became less severe. The Burmese government came to realize that it was powerless against such a mighty movement of God.

The newly made Christians flocked across the mountains to the British territory of Arracan and gathered about Mr. Abbott at Sandoway. The passes were guarded by soldiers, but the Christians eluded their vigilance, and finally the governor gave up in despair and ordered that they be allowed to worship "their God" in order to avoid losing from his province the entire body of Christians.

Many Prayers Receive their Answer

The conquest of the Pegu district by the British during the second war between Burma and England in 1852 made it possible for Mr. and Mrs. Abbott to realize the purpose which had so long occupied their hearts and for which they had offered so many prayers. They moved to Bassein, and that city became the center of the Karen Mission. In 1853 five new Karen stations were opened, and wonderful blessing attended the work in every direction.

The Native Churches Assume their Own Support

Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of the Karen work from the very earliest days has been the remarkable readiness of the native churches to assume the financial burden of their own work. As early as 1850 Mr. Abbott was giving serious attention to this subject. In a letter dated March 12, he writes:

An important subject and one that agitates us more than any other at Ong Kyong, relates to the support of native preachers. In 1848 I sent circulars to all the churches, referring particularly to this subject, and requested them to send in statements to the Association of 1849. Consequently the native preachers brought each their epistle. I will translate one as a specimen of the whole. They differed only on immaterial points and in the amount given to their pastor.

"The year of Christ 1849—The Elders of church at Great Rock to Teacher Abbott—May the blessing of our Father God be upon you. Amen.

"We received your letter and are very happy.

"The Lord Jesus Christ died for us and we ought to do something to enlarge his Kingdom. We gave our Teacher Shneay Po, during the year, 12 Rs., 8 as., 60 baskets of paddy, 100 weight of dried fish, 50 do. of salt, a bundle of tobacco. We are very poor, O Teacher [too true], and can do but little. Pray for us that we may be blessed."

A Karen Home Mission Society

Mr. Abbott was much distressed that native preachers should be supported by funds from America, and in December, 1850, there was formed a Karen Home Mission Society. The Karen Christians were ready at all times to give to special objects drawn to their attention by the missionary, but were not so ready to assume support of their pastors as Mr. Abbott wished. The representatives of the various churches came up to the annual gatherings, bearing their funds in their hands and asking the missionary how they should be used. The formation of the Home Missionary Society gave direction to their further efforts.

The support of three missionaries was assumed, and thus began the training of the Karens in the raising and handling of church funds which has subsequently fur-

KO-THAH-BYU CHAPEL

Sgaw Karen Normal and Industrial Institute, Bassein

nished a brilliant chapter in the history of church finance. Beecher was able to write, October 23, 1854:

> In less than nineteen years from the time the Karens of Bassein first heard the gospel they were ready to undertake the entire support of native preaching in fifty churches and among the heathen round about them, and except for books and three or four teachers they are supporting the primary education of more than two hundred pupils.

The experiment conducted by Mr. Abbott of evangelizing the Pegu field from without was not undertaken without much misgiving, but under the guidance of God it served in all probability to save the native churches from the weakness which has so often been fostered by the nursing and coddling of too-solicitous foreign leaders.

The Karen leaders looked up to Abbott as a great hero. They still remember his wise counsels and loving care. But it was needful for them to seek him for these counsels, and in the long periods intervening between such meetings they were thrown much upon their own resources. This led naturally to independence of action and a greater readiness to look to their fellow Christians among the Karens for financial support.

The Karens Gave Out of their Poverty

Even the government fell into the error of supposing that Karen Christians were wealthier than other Burmese peoples, and taxed them accordingly. They rallied so heartily to the support of the work in which their hearts were engaged, that the natural inference was that they must be pretty well-off to be able to give so generously. But this was an error. The Karens were poor. Almost all of them lived by cultivating the soil, and this in the

most primitive way. They had little skill in trades. But nature was kind to them, and their manner of living was exceedingly simple. The staple of the diet was rice. Indeed this is the staff of life throughout most of the Orient. The care of their rice crop was the one serious labor of the year. As to homes, the bamboo thicket and the swamp palm furnished them with the material to erect in a very few hours a sufficiently neat and commodious dwelling. Sometimes misfortune came. A serious plague visited their cattle, and the bullocks were destroyed in great numbers by the rinderpest, but undiscouraged the churches carried on, continuing their generous contributions in spite of every trial.

Prayer Solves the Problem

In 1860 it was announced at the Nau-pai-ai Association meeting that all funds from America for the support of native workers were to be cut off. This was a severe blow to many of the workers who had learned to depend upon the aid thus received. Much prayer was offered. Shway-ban, one of the jungle pastors, was greatly distressed. It seemed impossible that the people of his village out of their poverty could provide the support needed for the pastor and his family. Between the sessions of the Association Shway-ban talked with other members of the little group of pastors.

"My heart sinks within me," said Shway-ban. "Must I leave the preaching of the gospel and the work among the heathen villages, and return to the cultivation of the rice paddy?"

"Isn't there some way we can get our people to enlarge their giving?" inquired Brother Kai.

"What have they to give?" responded Shway-ban. "Most of them see but a few rupees during the whole of the year, and of these they already give liberally to the Lord."

Brother Kway had joined the group. He was a man of simple faith and great devotion. "Never mind," said he, "it does not matter. The Master will provide for us. It is his work, and he will care for it."

Nevertheless Shway-ban went back to his village in a very anxious frame of mind. It was several days later that one of the deacons of the church came to call upon him, and with the naive curiosity not uncommonly found among simple people began to look around the house, noting the empty salt-jar.

"Teacher," said he, "your salt is about gone. When will you buy some more?"

"I do not know, deacon," replied Shway-ban. "When God gives me the money, I think."

But the next day the deacon came quietly and filled the salt-jar.

There were tears in Shway-ban's eyes when he told the story.

"Not long after," he said, "one of the sisters noticed that the mats were getting old and ragged, and said the teacher must certainly have some new mats. The mats came. And so it went on; there was no lack—paddy, fish, clothes, and everything that we really needed was supplied as abundantly as before."

"And how did your preaching get along, Shway-ban?" inquired the missionary.

"Ah Teacher, that was the very best of all," replied the pastor. "My heart was melted within me. You know

formerly when I was paid by you and was not dependent upon the churches, I felt my importance very much and put on many airs. But now the people are giving to me daily out of their poverty. It makes me love them more than ever, and I feel my heart yearning over their souls."

The Ko-Thah-Byu Memorial Hall

In 1878, fifty years from the baptism of the first Karen convert, Ko-Thah-Byu, the number of members in the Karen Baptist churches in Burma was 20,007. The jubilee was celebrated by the dedication of the Ko-Thah-Byu Memorial Hall, for the use of the Bassein Sgaw Karen Normal and Industrial Institute. This, with other auxiliary buildings was built entirely at the cost of the Bassein Karens. What an abundant answer to the prison prayer of Judson and Price!

The Raising of Rice

Doctor Nichols, who assumed direction of the work in the year 1880, carried on the practise of self-support so admirably begun, with the result that during the forty-four years of his service at Bassein this field has become perhaps the outstanding example of development along this line in modern missions. The beneficial results are manifest on every side. Christian Karens have been raised far above their heathen neighbors in industry and order. Christian faith brings growth in thrift, diligence, and self-respect. The Government Report of Burma comments upon the fact with strong approval!

The Karen race and British government owe a great debt to the American missionaries who have, under Providence, wrought this change among the Karens of Burma.

A mission field may be said to approach maturity when the missionary learns to lean upon the native brethren for comfort and support. Doctor Nichols tells of the Karens coming forward in a time of special distress saying: "Teacher, the school is so much larger this year than ever before that the money and paddy will not be sufficient. How much more should we give?"

The story of the way in which God answered prayer in the development of the work and in providing equipment and means for the industrial training of the young men is a very wonderful one.

Praying for a Saw-mill

Doctor Nichols was directing the lads in the sawing of some timber one day when there came along the Irish captain of a steamship which had anchored in the Bassein River. Captain O'Brien was well disposed toward the mission, having observed the admirable quality of the work it was doing for the Karen boys.

"Doctor Nichols," said the Captain, "what for are you wasting your time and strength sawing lumber by hand?"

"How can I do otherwise, Captain? We must have the boards, and the only way to get them is to rip up the trees from the forest."

"Yes, but you needn't waste hand-power on the job."

"Tell me how else I could do it, and I shall be glad to take your advice, Captain."

"There is a lumber-mill down the river a little way. Why not buy it? It is erected on English soil. They filled in the site with mud which was dredged out of the bottom of the Thames river and brought here as ballast in English vessels."

Doctor Nichols laughed. "You make me curious and envious, but you are talking impossibilities. We haven't money enough to buy the mill."

"Don't be too sure of that. It is to be sold at auction, and you ought to be able to get it for half its real value. It cost originally Rs. 90,000."

"But the Karens couldn't use the mill if they had it," replied Doctor Nichols; "there isn't a mechanic in their whole nation."

The Captain bid Doctor Nichols good-day and passed on, but he had started a train of thought which persisted until the latter went to the Deputy Commissioner to talk the matter over. If all payments could be deferred until after the Karens had sold their paddy crop and the price were low enough, perhaps it might be done. But Doctor Nichols discovered that twenty-five per cent. of the price must be paid at once and the remainder in sixty days, and so he gave up the thought of buying. Nevertheless that element of persistence in his mind and heart which has been such a large factor in his success, led him to attend the auction, and here he came upon the Captain again.

"Well, Doctor Nichols, you are going to buy the mill for the Karens?" inquired Captain O'Brien.

"Why no, Captain, I should like to, but we cannot raise the money quick enough."

"If your Karens want that mill they shall have it, Doctor," replied the big-hearted Irishman. "I will lend them Rs. 30,000."

"But we haven't any security to offer you, Captain."

"Never mind security or interest. I want to do this because of the confidence I have in you and them."

The purchase was consummated then and there, and the

mill became a prime factor in the introduction of the industrial arts to the Karen people. It is gratifying to be able to add that the loan was repaid to the good Captain in less than a year.

The present value of the mill is at least Rs. 200,000. In later days another saw-mill, a rice-mill and a launch-building industry were added. So this venture, undertaken by Doctor Nichols with a great deal of hesitation, has proved a very wise one indeed, for the mill has not only been self-supporting and given many Karens practical training, but has also contributed largely toward the support of the school and the evangelistic work of the field.

A Golden Chain of Prayer

The golden chain of prayer begun by Judson has been forged link by link as his successors have followed him in service and sacrifice; and success after success has crowned the prayers and efforts thus united.

Doctor Nicholas was in America on furlough in 1916. Appropriately enough he was living in Judson House in Newton, Mass., when he felt laid upon his heart a heavy burden of prayer for his Karens away off in Burma. "Lord, show the Karens a work and a way to do it for thy kingdom," he prayed.

Praying Together Across the World

While Doctor Nichols prayed in America the Karens prayed in Burma, and when he returned he found that they had decided to raise Rs. 150,000 for a new brick school building. Frankly the project staggered even his robust faith.

"Wait," said Doctor Nichols. "It is a very bad year. Conditions are not at all favorable."

"Can you assure us that conditions will be better next year than now?" was the reply.

There was no answer to this, and the Karen brethren went ahead with the plan. The most up-to-date of methods were used in raising the money. Perhaps the plan owes its success to the fact that it is a return to the Master's method of sending out the disciples two by two. Suffice it that teams were organized and sent two by two to the villages to solicit funds. A great spiritual fervor gripped the churches and communicated itself to every detail of the enterprise. Even the architect was affected by it.

"I have twenty-five large buildings in hand," he said, "and I can truly say that this is the only one from which I have received a spiritual impulse."

Doctor Nichols tells of one worker who had only ten rupees in hand and an indebtedness of Rs. 800 at a high rate of interest. However, he pledged Rs. 1,000. Doctor Nichols says:

> That night he could not sleep, but arose and prayed fervently six times that he might be helped to meet his pledge. In the morning he went out to work, saying to himself: "Now I have prayed that I may get the Rs. 1,000 to give. God certainly will not come down and cultivate my field, but it is reasonable to believe that he will help me if I do my work well." So he worked his field more thoroughly than ever before, with this worthy objective before him. Accordingly, he had an unusually good crop, and the price of grain went up to an unheard-of height. The consequence was that he paid his debt, principal and interest, paid in his Rs. 1,000, and had Rs. 650 left for his own use, which he never had done before.

God's Response to the Prayer of Faith

Prayer and work have gone hand in hand all the way through the history of the Sgaw Karen mission, and a brief summary of the present achievements will demonstrate the faithfulness of God in responding to the faith of his servants.

To-day we find in the Sgaw Karen Mission: Thirty wooden and 7 brick buildings; 149 organized churches, all self-supporting, with a total of 401 native workers; over 1,100 pupils in the high school, most of them boarders; 182 primary schools, with 2,997 pupils; all these primary schools are self-supporting and most of them have erected fine brick or teak school buildings.

During the past year 844 were baptized. The last four years have brought unequaled blessing upon all our fields: Bassein not least among them.

A Prayer

God of all faithfulness who didst hear the prayer which thy servants Judson and Price offered to thee as they suffered the tortures of imprisonment and bonds, hear now the prayer which we, thy humbler servants who are not worthy to be numbered with the company of those who have thus suffered, direct to thee.

Grant unto the faithful hearts of our Karen brothers across the sea a great outpouring of thy divine love, give them power to bring their fellows to thee, and multiply to them the reward of their earnest service and generous giving. Grant also that our own hearts may be stirred to a fuller fellowship with the Master in the task of world redemption through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Suggested Questions for Class Discussion of Chapter VII

1. What effect has discomfort and suffering on prayer? Have you ever prayed when you were uncomfortable? Tell your experience.
2. How did Judson's home life affect Ko-Thah-Byu? Relate any similar instances you may know of.
3. Why should there be a Karen Home Mission Society?
4. Discuss the propriety of praying for such material things as a saw-mill.
5. How does God unite hearts across the world?

VIII

THE PRAYER OF A GOVERNMENT COMMISSIONER

THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF IMPUR, ASSAM, FIND CHRIST

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VIII

A Government Commissioner prays.
The Holy Spirit inspires the response.
Ascending the great river Brahmaputra.
Difficulties and distresses only surmountable through prayer.
The missionary and the governor take different view-points.
Stoddard believes that prayer can conquer wild hearts.
Stoddard ventures into the Garo Hills.
Reaching out into the Naga Territory.
Why the Head-hunters are worth saving.
Praying about stewardship.
Prayer saves Missionary Longwell's head.
Some villages are wholly Christian.
There is always a region beyond.

THE PRAYER OF A GOVERNMENT COMMISSIONER

The Head-hunters of Impur, Assam, Find Christ

Major Francis Jenkins Prays

The prayer of a Government Commissioner was responsible for the beginnings of the work of Northern Baptists in Assam.

It was in the year 1834 that Major Francis Jenkins, British Resident Commissioner in Assam, began to pray American Baptists to send missionaries to help him in the difficult task of bringing the country of Assam under Christian civilization. He had already taken the liveliest interest in the religious needs of the people about him. Can it be doubted that his prayer to American Baptists was accompanied by deeper and more earnest petitions to the Lord of the Harvest?

"Separate Me Brothers Brown and Cutter"

When word of Major Jenkins' desire for aid was received by the missionaries in Burma it resulted in a prayer-meeting. The Spirit of God seemed to say to this little group of earnest workers already overwhelmed with the magnitude of the task at their doors: "Separate me Brothers Brown and Cutter for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, they laid their hands upon them and sent them away"—to go unto Assam. The pioneer spirit of Judson

had much to do with the decision. He was present in person and writes:

> Brother Brown embraced the proposal with instant enthusiasm. He is excellently well qualified to take the lead in that great and important mission. My heart leaps with joy when I think of it.

A year later found Nathan Brown and O. T. Cutter settled at Sadiya and looking forward exultantly to the coming of reenforcements, for the Board had already written that Messrs Bronson and Thomas were on the way.

On the Way

On the way—but it was a long, long way. In those days of primitive methods of ocean transportation, the voyage from Boston to Calcutta by sailing vessel occupied many weary weeks, and it was not until April, 1837, that the two new missionary families began the long and tedious journey up the Brahmaputra River. Four months were consumed in the journey from Calcutta to Sadiya. The missionaries traveled in small boats drawn by men walking on the banks of the river.

The Brahmaputra River

The main source of the Brahmaputra River is in a great glacier-mass in the northernmost chain of the Himalayas called Kubigangri. It runs parallel to the main chain of those mighty mountains in its upper course about 100 miles distant. It enters Assam by a series of waterfalls and rapids amid vast boulders and accumulations of rocks. During the rainy season it spreads out in the Assamese plains into a sheet of water several miles broad.

The terror which the unknown course of the mighty river inspired in the hearts of the new missionaries may be understood after reading the words of Mrs. Brown who had passed over it such a short time before. She writes:

> We learned that the current of the Brahmaputra was in many places fearfully strong, and that the bed of the river, like our own Mississippi, was full of snags and sawyers which had been torn from the banks by the strength of the current. Occasionally rumor reached us of the dense and terrible jungles we should have to pass through, where roamed the wild elephant, buffaloes, and tigers of the country; that the boats would be moored at night to sand-bars or small islands of sand, formed by the changing current of the stream, which were the daily resort of these wild beasts, and that crocodiles and other monsters swarmed in many parts of the river. . . We took it as a call from heaven to go, hence obstacles and dangers counted for nothing.

An Unexpected Blow

Weeks passed as the two new missionary families made their way up the tortuous stream by slow stages. Joyful anticipation filled every heart, for they were approaching the end of their journey at Sadiya. Many a difficulty had been overcome and many a danger escaped, when an unexpected blow fell upon the little party. Their leader, Rev. Miles Bronson, fell ill with the fever. Many a mile they had forged ahead through low-lying plains and mosquito-infested swamps. Bronson was the first to pay in his body the heavy price of illness which is always exacted for the privilege of serving the Master in those tropical surroundings. At first they pushed forward hoping to reach Sadiya and medical aid in a short time, but soon the patient was too ill for further travel.

Stopping to Pray

What could the little group of missionaries do but stop and pray. And this they did, tying the boat up beside the river-bank and earnestly beseeching God for aid in this emergency, and that he would restore to the loved one the health and strength to live and labor long for the people of this dark land.

Picture, if you will, the little group outside the tent on the river-bank as they rise from their knees after prayer. The somber shadows of the jungle are all about them, but there is a new hope in their hearts, and they are comforted by remembering God's promises as they counsel together regarding the best course to be taken.

"We must have aid," finally says Mrs. Bronson. "We have neither medicine nor skill to administer it. Surely the brethren at Sadiya would be able to help us if they knew."

"It is but a few days journey to Sadiya from this point," answers Mr. Thomas.

"If the fever had only held off for a few days more we should have been there. What is to be done?" inquires Mrs. Thomas.

"Listen," continues her husband. "There is only one course to take. I must leave you here and go forward in a light canoe to Sadiya to procure aid."

So it was decided, and by night Thomas with his native companion was well on his way toward the station.

Thomas Gives His Life

But the fortunes of the little group had not yet reached their lowest ebb. A greater calamity even than the illness

of Bronson was to befall them. Up the rapid, swollen stream Thomas made his way, using all speed to bring aid at the earliest possible moment. At times it was very difficult to make headway against the freshet. Trunks of trees and masses of vegetation impeded progress. Swirling currents made the navigation of the little craft very dangerous. In many places the river-banks had been eaten away by the force of the stream. The two companions saw with joy that they were approaching Sadiya. The very houses were in sight. They were clinging close to the shore in order to escape the swift rush of the water amidstream. Suddenly they observed a little way before them the abrupt crumbling of the soil upon the river-bank and the outward swaying of two mighty trunks. It was too late to check the forward motion of the canoe; down crashed the mighty monarchs of the forest, one of them falling athwart the frail craft, crushing it to pieces, while the missionary helpless to escape was lost in the rushing torrent.

Aid reached the group of missionaries farther down the river, and a few days later the sick man and his companions were brought up to the station, but it was under a staggering load of grief that the workers inaugurated the Assam Mission.

Missionary and Governor

The view-point of a Christian missionary approaching his task in a great new savage land is strangely different from that of the foreigner who enters the same field with less altruistic ends in view. One of the earlier missionaries to the Assam field, Rev. J. J. Stoddard, places these differing view-points in striking juxtaposition. He had

returned to Assam after furlough in the year 1866, and was planning a new work among the Garos, one of the savage hill-tribes. The Lieutenant Governor of Bengal was kind enough to invite him to breakfast with a party of other foreigners including tea-planters, indigo, opium and timber speculators, and steamboat captains. After breakfast a friendly interview took place.

"Mr. Stoddard," said the Governor, "you say you are on your way to the Garos of Assam."

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Do you know the Garo people?"

"I have but little acquaintance with them," was the reply.

"Then I think I am in a position to give you a little kindly advice and warning. They are a set of bloodthirsty savages. The best thing to do with them is to wipe them out as one would a den of wild animals. Indeed the government is now considering such a course."

"I have heard that they have many evil customs."

"Evil customs! You have never heard a tenth of the horrible truth. They have been making nightly raids into the Assam plains, decapitating British subjects, and carrying the bloody heads back with them to decorate their rooftrees."

Mr. Stoddard shuddered as he recalled many stories from other sources which corroborated only too certainly the information given by the governor.

"But, your Excellency," he replied, "this is all the more reason why they need Christianity."

"What can mere preaching do for such people? We shall send a military force against them. That is the only way to deal with such savages."

"Why not wait a little while? Let us see what the gospel can do for them. It will cost the government a good deal to send soldiers into those hills."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Stoddard, in thinking you can do anything for such people. Why, the very atrocities which they practise are done to pacify the evil spirits and to bring good crops. Be advised by me, and do not go into the Garo territory. You will lose your own head and bring trouble upon the government."

"Your Excellency," finally said the missionary, "I appreciate your advice and concern for my safety, but I have the utmost confidence that the glorious gospel of the blessed God can tame even the savage Garo."

Stoddard Presses on with Prayer

It was with many a prayer that Stoddard made his way up to Assam from Calcutta. The ascent of the great river gave him much opportunity for quiet thought, and he recalled repeatedly the disquieting conversation with the Governor. Would his expressed faith in the possibility of saving the Garo people be justified, or would he fall a victim to his own temerity? Time would tell, but in the meantime his heart went out in mighty pleadings for these wild men of the hills. His prayer was to be answered even more quickly than he had believed possible.

The Answer to Stoddard's Prayer

Two years later Mr. Stoddard found himself present at the opening of an open-air market which was held weekly a short distance from Rajasimala. The natives came for many miles to barter and trade, and among them were not

a few of the hill-men, for the village was at the very foot of the mountains. In the early freshness of the morning before the gong had sounded for the opening of the market, Mr. Stoddard gathered about him a group of listeners who attended with much curiosity to the singing and prayer followed by the simple words of the gospel message.

The missionary could readily distinguish the plains people who were there in great numbers, from the wilder Garos scattered among them. For an hour or more the simple service went on, and then the clanging of the gong broke up the meeting in the confusion and babble which characterize these market scenes.

But the missionary was now free to talk with individuals. A young Garo approached. Mr. Stoddard had noticed the deep attention with which he had followed all which had been said.

"Sahib," said the young man, "those are very good words. May I hear more?"

"Certainly," was the ready response, "We are here to talk the good Word; sit down and hear."

In recounting the story later, Mr. Stoddard continues:

A more earnest, attentive hearer I never met. At the close of the market he went with us to Rajasimala where we spent ten or fifteen days and baptized thirty or forty. Bago himself, for that was his name, was one of them. He went back to his home in the hills, and I did not see or hear from him for a year.

At the close of the rains a year later, Mr. Stoddard had left Rajasimala and was riding his little pony toward the hills when suddenly he saw a man coming toward him at a full run. It was Bago. He ran up to the pony,

seized the missionary's hand and poured forth a flood of voluble Assamese.

"God is very good; I love and worship Jesus Christ. I want you to come right up to my house to see what I am trying to do for Christ. I need your help."

"But, wait a little," said Mr. Stoddard. "They tell me that you Garo people cut off folk's heads. How can I go up among your hills? They might take off mine."

"Yes, truly. That is what the Garos are like, but we will go up early in the day and come back before night."

Stoddard Ventures Into the Garo Hills

It was decided to follow Bago's plan, and early on the next day Mr. Stoddard with ten or twelve Christian men from Rajasimala started up the hills. The ascent was too steep for the pony, and after two or three miles the latter was left behind and the real climbing began. Up through the tall grass and jungle woods the party made their way. The tropical sun beat down upon them, the path was tortuous and rugged. The steep ascent soon set the pulses to pounding, and the strain of the toilsome way drew the taste of salty blood into the missionary's dry throat.

At length the little cavalcade came out upon a level spur of the hillside where a village of bamboo and palm-leaf huts had been erected.

"This is my village, Teacher," said Bago.

"But what is this building, Bago?" inquired Mr. Stoddard, as he looked with astonishment upon a neat and commodious structure which was evidently designed for public meetings. It seemed to the missionary that it could be nothing else than a chapel, for it was constructed very similarly to the building used for that purpose in Raja-

simla. The pillars consisted of the slender trunks of palm trees, the framework was made from bamboo poles mortised neatly together. Its roof and walls were imbricated palm leaves. There was room on the mats inside for 75 or 100 to be seated.

"It is a long story, Teacher. Come in and sit down, and I will tell it to you."

A House for Prayer

Gladly Mr. Stoddard availed himself of the opportunity to rest after the heavy toil of the ascent, and while the midday meal was being prepared Bago told his story.

"Last year, I found Christ, down at the market. I came home and built this house to Jesus Christ. I come in here every morning and talk to him, and then I go to my work."

"But why did you make the house so big, Bago?"

"I wanted all the people of the village to hear about Jesus. At first they used to come in to hear me. I told all I knew of Jesus and his love in my heart. I was soon empty. But it was all the same. I could repeat the same story, I was not tired; I love to tell it over and over."

"Did they listen to your words and believe you?" inquired Mr. Stoddard.

"No, teacher. It made me sad. They said: 'All right; Bago worships a good spirit, but we know better. You do not have to worry about the good spirits. They will not hurt you. We will worship the Evil Spirit.'"

"What happened next, Bago?"

"Smallpox came. Some of the people died. Then the others made great sacrifice to the Evil Spirit. They wanted every one to help propitiate the demon. But I said: 'No. I pray to Jesus only.'"

"So they talked together about it and were very angry. They thought of their old evil customs and said, 'Bago's head must come off.' I thought my last day had come, but I pulled up my

sleeve and showed them this ring above my elbow. It means that I come from a very high family, so they decided not to kill me; but they said: 'Very well, we will go away and make a new village, but Bago must stop here; soon the tigers and wild beasts will come and destroy him.'"

"And did they all leave you, Bago?"

"Look!" replied the young man. "All these houses are deserted. The people live down yonder in a new village. Only my wife, her sister and her husband, and I live here. Tigers and elephants may destroy us, but we four will not worship evil spirits. Christ is our Friend—teacher. Please send us a preacher to help us to read Christ's words."

The little group knelt in prayer and consecrated to God this first house for Jesus in the Garo hills. The preacher was sent, and Bago and his relatives worked side by side with him for a year.

It was almost at the same spot where the previous encounter had taken place that Mr. Stoddard met Bago the following year. The latter was at the head of a group of twelve. His face was shining with joy and light.

"Teacher," cried Bago, as soon as he came within earshot, "these twelve have believed in Jesus Christ through my words."

It was not long afterwards that the entire group of villagers returned to their old site and in a few years almost all of them became believers in Jesus. Bago was the preacher, and the chapel overflowed. The Garo hills were won for Christ, and the missionaries pushed on to other conquests.

Impur, an Isolated Station

In 1894 a new station was opened at Impur. For many years it was called the most isolated station in Assam,

but it became the center of the work among the Ao Nagas, and from this point work was begun for the Lota Nagas and other Naga tribes.

It took four days of strenuous horseback riding to reach Impur. It was necessary to penetrate the recesses of the mountains. The Nagas were cut off from the world in the mountain retreats. Even their own villages were isolated the one from the other, and they were wholly ignorant of what was taking place in other lands. A few had come to Sibsagor in the early days and watched the work of the missionaries with wondering eyes. Marvel of marvels! that little children should be taught to read and write and sing. The news was carried back into the mountain villages. They talked it over about the campfires, and decided that their own children ought also to have these advantages. Deputations were sent to Sibsagor to ask that the missionaries visit their villages and establish similar schools. What was good for the Garos ought also to be good for the Nagas.

But village was at war with village. In the dead of night parties stole out for wild forays. A raid was made upon a neighboring village. Neither women nor children were spared. Heads were hacked off and carried in triumph and rejoicing back to the home village. Here they were placed upon the skull tree in the center of the village amid the wild orgies of spirit worship.

Why Work for the Head-hunters?

The question might readily be asked why the missionaries should leave the relatively civilized areas of the plains to devote themselves to work among such savages as are found in the hills. Indeed it has often been asked,

SOME OF THE BAPTIST LEADERS IN ASSAM

Four Different Tribes Represented

and Rev. S. A. Perrine gave an answer to it which may be summarized as follows:

When I first went to Assam I met an intelligent educated Bengali babu [gentleman] who could not understand how I could pass by civilized peoples like the Bengals and the Assamese and go to preach the gospel to the wild and, to his mind, no-account Nagas of the hills. Since there are many to understand this matter allow me to say that the wild or hill tribes ought not to be considered less worthy than the apparently "more desirable" peoples of the plains; and for the following reasons:

First: All the "wild men" of India are of a splendid stock. They are related to the Chinese, considered the best blood of Asia, and present the most manly and virile missionary ground in the Empire.

Second: The hill man has "snap" and "backbone." These the plains man lacks. In sturdy character the former will almost if not quite outclass his more refined Hindu brother.

Third: The hill tribes constitute virgin soil; the plains peoples present a soil worn out by the weeds of a dead civilization; and it is a grave question if the so-called civilization of the plains is not a hindrance rather than a help to the missionary worker. Civilization without God is a very doubtful good. A civilized evil is no better for being civilized.

Fourth: The plains people are weighed down, handicapped by old iron-clad institutions and traditions. For thousands of years these ancient institutions have been tested, found wanting, and now hang like millstones about the neck of India to sink her to despair. It will require a long time and infinite power to effect a change with such people. The wild man's customs and institutions on the other hand are easily given up. The difference is that of adamant and clay; the plains people are adamant run into a mould and "set," the hill men are clay ready for the potter's hands.

Fifth: In the matter of self-support the plains man is outclassed by his hill brother. It must not be forgotten that the model self-supporting mission of all the world, of any denomi-

nation, is among the once wild Karens of Burma. And the other hill tribes are coming up to the standard set by the Karens.

Sixth: The wild men are increasing, so it is said, more rapidly under and take more kindly to British rule in India than the plains men. While the educated Hindu is, in some cases, restive under the government of India, the wild men actually come from across the border and beg the English official to take them under his government and protection, for he knows (what the educated Aryan heathen seems not able to learn) that he cannot govern himself. There is every evidence that the so-called wild men will one day be granted places of honor and influence by the side of the most noble of India.

The Wild Beauty of the Naga Hills

The wild beauty of the Naga Hills has been often commented upon by the missionaries. Toiling and striving amidst the difficulties of the work it is no small consolation to be able to look up at the noble ranges which lift their heights in peak after peak to the far distance. Seven thousand to eight thousand feet they tower skyward, and the worker for God is brought back by them again and again to a simple trust in the living God as he finds himself repeating in the midst of the day's burdens: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth."

It was felt that the situation among the Nagas rendered the establishment of a school for the training of native leaders imperatively necessary. Doctor Perrine early pointed out that the only hope of radically changing the social customs of the people was to place in each village a permanent teacher to live among the people. The influence wielded by these men became well-nigh incalculable. They not only taught the children of the village to read

and write but acted also as evangelists and preachers. The village school became the center of the village activities, and the work well organized in one village soon spread to the next.

These workers were prepared in the Impur Training School which was established by Doctor Perrine in 1894. Five years later the school had already made great strides and was beginning to furnish the workers so sorely needed. The problem of self-support was largely solved through one of these trained workers who started a new movement in the matter of giving.

Praying About Stewardship

The missionary felt that his own teachings on the subject of stewardship were not having the effect which he desired. He therefore chose one of the teachers, gave him special instruction, and placed in his hands the responsibility for solving the problem. The young man studied the matter, prayed over it, and decided to act.

His first step was to preach a vigorous sermon on giving, during which he announced his own program. He told his people in plain terms what he thought should be the relationship between the disciple and his Lord in respect to this world's goods. Then he announced that he had decided to give all his time to the Lord, one-eighth of his salary, which was twelve rupees monthly, and for good measure he planned to add a handful of rice at each meal.

The plan seemed to touch the imagination of the Nagas, and immediately there were some who followed his example. Not all of them gave an eighth of their income. Some gave a tenth, but none below a twelfth. The added

handful of rice at each meal became a wide-spread custom.

A Succession of Missionary Heroes

A noble succession of missionaries have followed the heroes of early days in Assam. The story of their triumphs is so easily told that one is in danger of forgetting all the manifold dangers which have beset their paths every step of the way. There are dangers of climate, dangers of disease, dangers of wild animals, and wilder men.

The thrill of imminent peril lends added interest to the story which Rev. R. B. Longwell tells of his visit to the village of Okotsu. The village chief had made no effort to veil his insolence. Mr. Longwell asked him in a kindly way why he opposed Christianity.

"Oh," was the response, "the new custom is both good and right, and by and by it will be accepted by all my tribe, but I am not going to let them accept it while I am alive."

Mr. Longwell Risks His Head

A year later, on a subsequent visit to the village, Mr. Longwell had the joy of baptizing twenty-two new disciples, but the atmosphere of hostility was very apparent. Resting in his tent during the afternoon the missionary could clearly see through the open flap a group of men at the other end of the street engaged in animated but subdued conversation. Later the talk developed into a tumult, but Mr. Longwell suspected nothing more than that the crowd had been indulging too freely in native beer.

The hour for worship arrived, but no one gathered for the meeting. The glorious full moon of the tropics was now visible over the fronded heads of the palm trees, flooding the whole scene with a silvery light. The evening meal was ready, but at this moment the village teacher arrived evidently deeply perturbed.

"Teacher," said he, "we cannot have a meeting tonight."

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Longwell. "What is the mátter, and why are those men making such a disturbance?"

"Teacher, they are plotting evil deeds. I overheard part of what they are saying. They are going to cut off your head. Then they will take mine and Etsusao's. After that they will kill all the Christians in the village and cut them up in little bits."

Now it is part of the peculiar ethics of the missionary that he may contemplate with equanimity the loss of his own head, but when it becomes a question of the safety of those who are committed to his care his fighting spirit is apt to be aroused.

Mr. Longwell called the two boys who had accompanied him from Impur and explained the situation to them together with the few Christians in sight.

"What do you say, boys? Had we better leave the village?"

"O Teacher," was the response, "we must go. If we do not go they will have our heads."

Looking to God in a Moment of Peril

So the command was given to pack up the traveling kit while Mr. Longwell went into the tent and dropped upon

his knees, asking for guidance and wisdom to know how to take care of these brothers who were looking to him for aid and protection.

By this time the threatening mob had surrounded the tent. Mr. Longwell picked up his double-barrelled shotgun, appeared in the door of the tent and thrust cartridges into the weapon. The only way out of the village was through the hostile crowd.

"Go, boys," said Mr. Longwell. "I will protect you."

"No, Teacher," was the response, "you go first."

"Will you follow me, if I go," asked Mr. Longwell.

"Yes, teacher, we will follow."

With both hammers of the gun at full cock and the weapon held at an appropriate angle for immediate use, the missionary led his little band of Christians through the angry crowd

Even after they were clear of the village the danger was not over, for the hostile villagers organized a pursuit. "If we do not get them tonight we shall get them in the morning," was the last remark overheard by the little group, and this was accompanied by the sound of the warriors sharpening their *noks* or beheading knives.

But the prayer in the tent was effectual. All through the long, cool night they pressed on while the moon rose high in the sky, and early in the morning reached Lungkum and safety.

In relating this story Mr. Longwell rejoices to add:

Today the church at Okotsu has a membership of about 100, and they have put the sum of Rs. 100 at my disposal for the work which we hope to commence in their tribe in a few months. Many of the former persecutors are now numbered among the Christians.

And Okotsu is not the only Naga village where such victories are being won. In connection with the Impur work today there are 58 churches, 42 schools, 4,302 membership, 3 mission residences, a school-chapel building, dormitories for boys and girls, and a dispensary.

Villages Which Are Wholly Christian

The remarkable victory which has been won for Christ in the Naga Hills is emphasized by the fact that some villages have become entirely Christian. A quaint passage is found in the annual report submitted by Dr. J. R. Bailey for the year 1920:

> There is a tendency among our preachers to think that a village can dispense with the services of a preacher as soon as the last person has been baptized in the village. In fact, one teacher informed me that there was no further need for his remaining in his village since all the people were baptized.

Prayer Still Required

But there is always a region beyond, and a recent report from Mr. Longwell tells of twenty villages pleading for teachers and none to send them, and the very last word which comes from him is a plea for men and means to launch out into a worth-while work in Lota land.

A Prayer

Father in heaven, who so often in past days hast shown thy loving care in protecting thy servants through perils of pestilence and flood and sword, do thou throw thine arms of love about our brothers and sisters who are braving the dangers of tropical Assam for thy sake and to win the souls of men. Do thou support and guide them, and

answer their many prayers that tribesmen of the hills and dwellers in the plains may be drawn into the household of faith. And do thou give unto us who offer this petition a deeper understanding of the price which these our brothers pay for the privilege of working in the farther fields, and a willingness to enter with them into the path of sacrifice and service, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Suggested Questions for Class Discussion of Chapter VIII

1. What part has been taken in the development of missions by those who were not missionaries?
2. How does the human heart react toward God in calamity and distress? Had the early missionaries a right to believe that God was leading them despite the distress they met? Why?
3. Discuss the comparative attitude of the Government official and the missionary to native peoples.
4. What relationship should there be between prayer and the development of the giving function?
5. What responsibility have we for the regions beyond?

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